

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA-N.W. AMERICA AND NEWFOUNDLAND

20th Year, No. 44.

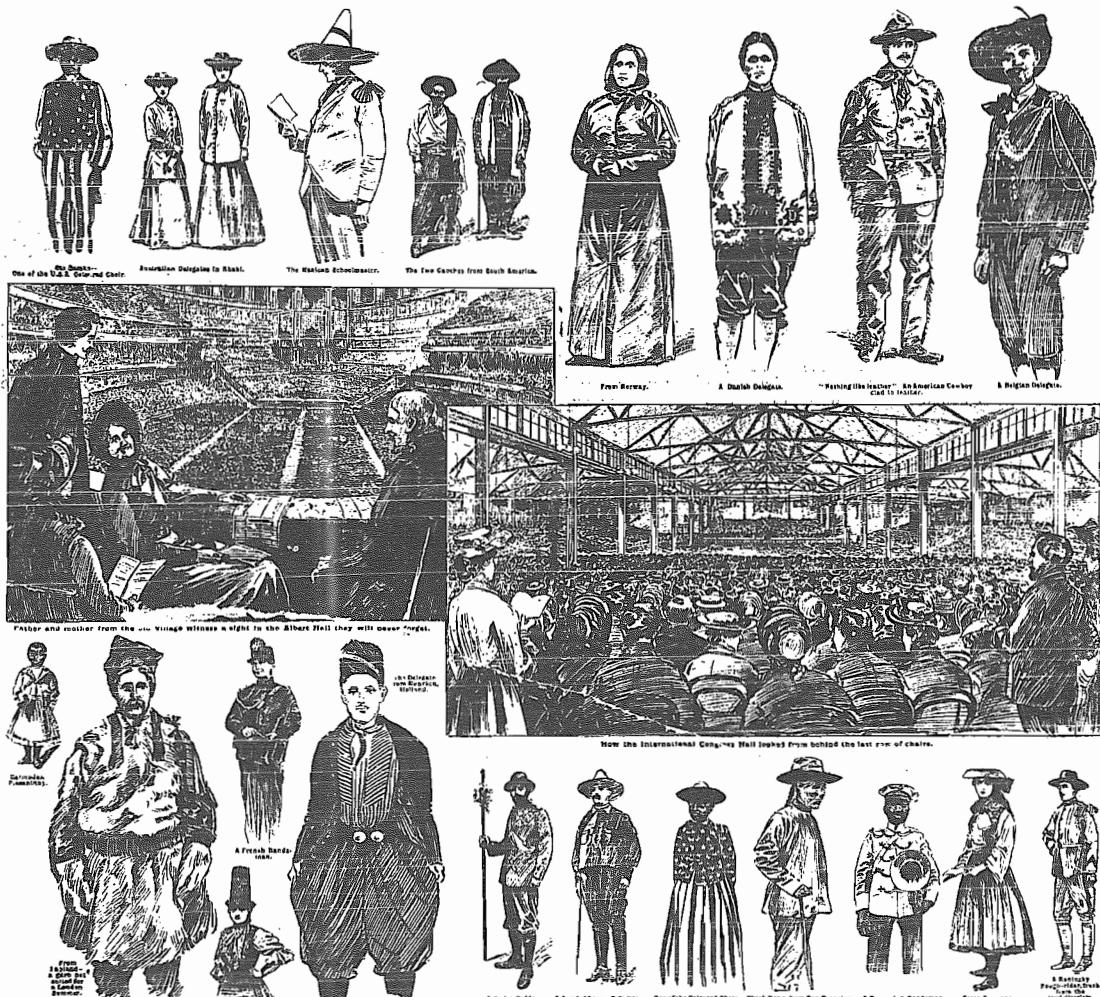
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, JULY 30, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.

Peeps at Our I.G.C. Artist's Picture Book.



The sketches shown above portray to us something of the sights that Congress-goers were permitted to view.

From Australia came khaki-clad warriors; Lapland sent delegates clad in winter garb, so strangely contrasting with the light, flowing robes of the Indian representatives. The Swiss, bearing his alpenstock, reminded us of the heroic service the guides often perform in safeguarding the lives of daring adven-

turers on the Alps, and brought vividly to our mind that the service of those delegates similarly clad was but a replica of that performed by those they imitated in dress.

Holland's queer garb created many a smile, but laughter did not suffice to overbalance the religious tenor of the wearer's mind, and the Hollanders bore their share of the battle manfully.

However strangely clad, and no matter how unfamiliar was their appearance to the

untraveled spectator, it was speedily made clear to all that the tale they told and the song they sang was ever the same, and varied not save in the language it was spoken in—the tale of salvation and the song of joy.

Not only do these various specimens of humanity please the eye, but they clearly and conclusively prove the enormous scope of our Army's operations, and carry even more weight than do volumes of the most correct statistics.

The King and the General.

AUDIENCE AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

"His Majesty the King this morning received the Rev. William Booth, Commander-in-Chief of the Salvation Army."—Entry in Court Circular.

Coming as it did on the very eve of the unique Congress which was about to be opened, King Edward's gracious act in according our beloved General a private audience on Wednesday has caused the intensest satisfaction throughout all ranks of the Salvation Army, and formed a theme for consideration and favorable comment far and near, in public and private circles.

Unfailing Tact.

It is more than probable that this was intended by His Majesty; at any rate, it is what one might expect from a monarch who has exhibited such unfailing tact and followed so wisely in the steps of his illustrious mother.

It will be remembered that at a critical moment in our history Queen Victoria, with fine womanly feeling, sent the late Mrs. General Booth the following message of sympathy with the efforts of the Army:

"Her Majesty learns with much satisfaction that you have, with other members of your Society, been successful in your efforts to win many thousands to the ways of temperance, virtue and religion."

And that on the occasion of a former Congress she graciously expressed herself in a message to the General, to the following effect:

"The Queen wishes to express to all the members of the Salvation Army now assembled for their Triennial Congress, her heartfelt thanks for their touching message of loyal congratulations and earnest good wishes."

"Her Majesty fully recognizes the great and varied works so courageously undertaken by the Army on behalf of so many of their unhappy fellow-creatures in different parts of her Empire."

"The Queen fervently trusts that Divine guidance and blessing may accompany all future efforts of the Army."

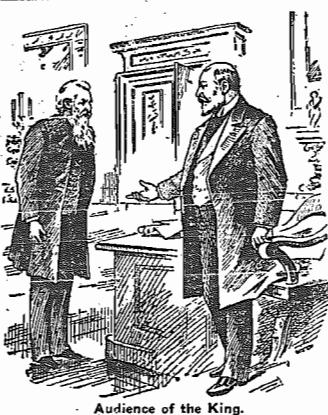
It is likewise well known that Queen Victoria always paid her respects to any wearer of our uniform whom she saw in the course of her travels.

A Wise Observer.

King Edward is undoubtedly a wise observer of events, and keen to seize the right moment for exercising the influence of his royal house in furthering the cause of peace and good government. We owe the present amicable feeling between England and France largely to his personal influence. Indeed, the King's name may soon deserve the title of "The European Peacemaker."

All things considered, therefore, the advent of the General of the Salvation Army to the royal presence will cause little surprise to those who, on the one hand, have followed the dignified attitude of King Edward toward all social and philanthropic movements, or, on the other, to those who have studied the striking progress of our world-embracing organization.

It will be matter of universal and affectionate interest to Salvationists everywhere to



Audience of the King.

know a little of the details affecting so important a function as a royal reception. How did the General receive the summons, and what preparations did he make for meeting it?

That he was much gratified—and for no other reasons than the interests of the sacred cause he has at heart—will be understood. If all else he was just the General we love and revere! Engrossed with his work up to the last minute of leaving his home for the city, he drove with the Chief of the Staff to the Strand Hall.

Arrival at the Palace.

The appointment for Buckingham Palace was fixed at half-past eleven a.m., and, leaving the Strand soon after eleven, the General, who traveled in an ordinary "hansom," arrived at twenty minutes past the hour. He was attended by Commissioner Pollard, by whom the privilege of accompanying the General on so important and historic an occasion was highly prized. The fact represented an appreciation of the Commissioner's devotion and tact in everything connected with the arrangements which highly delighted the hearts of his comrades.

The Salvation Leader and his aide were most kindly received at the palace by Lord Churchill, His Majesty's Lord-in-Waiting, who personally conducted the General to the Audience Chamber. As a further evidence of the King's courtesy and consideration in this matter, it should be mentioned that the ceremony incidental to such functions was, by His Majesty's directions, largely dispensed with, and the General appeared before him in the same uniform which he would wear on one of his salvation campaigns.

The King greeted the General warmly, shaking hands with him both on his entering and leaving, and in every way manifesting a spirit which appeared to be desirous of honoring our Leader for his work's sake as well as for his own. The audience was, of course, a private one, but the nature of the conversation is well summarised in the official statement issued for publication:—

"Lord Knollys, His Majesty's secretary,

had written from Windsor Castle on Monday last, intimating the King's pleasure, and accordingly the General, attended by Commissioner Pollard, of his Headquarters Staff, about eleven o'clock yesterday morning drove up to the palace in a hansom.

"The interview was of a most gracious and cordial nature, and General Booth was much impressed by the King's kindness, as well as very grateful for the opportunity of submitting to His Majesty some information with reference to the work of the Salvation Army.

The King's Sympathy.

"The King listened with evident pleasure to what the General had to say, and showed special interest in everything relating to efforts on behalf of the poor.

"As General Booth was leaving the King's presence His Majesty expressed his sympathy with objects so near to the General's heart, and his cordial good wishes for the continued prosperity and success of the work of the Army."

Beneficial Results.

We believe this gratifying episode in our General's career will render valuable service to every branch of the Army's operations. The poor will rejoice. Our own people will welcome it as a tribute to the work which God has enabled them to accomplish in the best interests of the Empire. They will look upon it as a worthy recognition of a blameless life and the stupendous service to humanity rendered by their revered and beloved General. The General is best known, and therefore best loved by his own. Further, they will view the King's command as a just commendation of the International Congress, which probably represents the most wonderful gathering of its kind ever held within the British or any other empire.

It will help to dispel the class prejudice which still lingers in the minds of governing and kindred authorities as to the Army. Prejudice dies hard; but this act of King Edward in opening the doors of Buckingham Palace to the head of our organisation will, we hope, help us to win the hearts of all.

Above all, it will help us to measure more carefully than ever the extent of our influence and to understand more clearly the call of God to us to adhere to first principles—Calvary and the Blood, the lost and their salvation. In short, it will urge us forward in our task of gathering from the refuse and scum of society, from the poor, the homeless, and the outcast, jewels with which to crown our Saviour King and Lord of all.

VALUABLE REMEDIES.

If you are getting lazy, watch James. If your faith is below par, read Paul. If you are impatient, sit down quietly and have a talk with Job. If you are getting weak-kneed, take a look at Elijah. If there is no song in your heart, listen to David. If you are getting sordid, spend a while with Isaiah. If you feel chilly, get the beloved disciple to put his arms around you. If you are losing sight of the future, climb up to Revelation and get a glimpse of the promised land.—Boston Gazette.

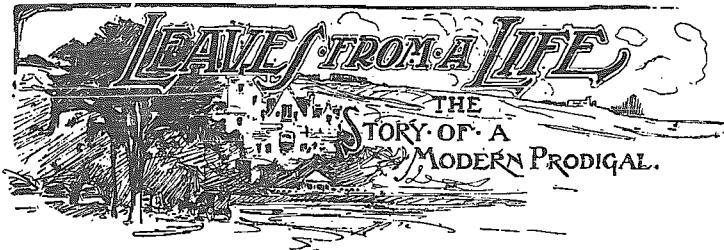
Men seldom seek to dissect a religion until it is dead.



Salvation Representatives from Switzerland.

The German Salvationists in Procession.

Salvation Army Lasses from Denmark.



Chapter VII.

The following morning Curley arose, and amid his strange surroundings he knelt by his bedside and offered up a fervent prayer to God—his God.

Naturally, the first thought was to obtain employment.

Well, sad to say, his efforts to secure a position were unsuccessful.

For two weeks he tramped all over London after work. Every description of place did he try, from clerk to laborer, but without success.

But as each day came to a close, and he wearily tramped back to the Whitechapel Shelter, said and disappointed, the thought of the bright and glorious meeting he would soon engage in brightened him up, and scarce a fresher man was ever present.

Each night Curley spoke at the meeting and was eager to see others receive the same blessed comfort and happiness that he had received.

Now, mind you, for these two happy weeks—for happy they were, I have Curley's own word for that—Curley had not been in a financial position to meet his board and lodging expenses, and these had been very kindly met by the godly Ensign who was to such an extent responsible for the great change in Curley's habits and whole life.

At the end of the fortnight Ensign Robinson gave Curley a letter of introduction to the manager of the Bessbrook Advertising Agency, in Bloomsbury.

There Curley was given work to do that enabled him to pay his way with comparative ease.

But the work was hard.

One day he would go out early in the morning in company with two or three others, with a bag suspended from his shoulders containing some thousand circulars, and his duty was to deliver one copy in every house in certain given streets.

They were accompanied by an inspector, who allotted to each man his respective "ground" to "work."

Often they would walk two or three miles before commencing, and by the time each man's thousand circulars had been delivered many miles were covered; and then came the homeward journey. No easy work that, when one considers a moment—constantly walking from say 7 a.m. till 5 p.m. or so, with a heavy load for at least half the time.

But what a grand sense of ease and contentment had Curley when he reached home and was paid his modest thirty-six cents for his day's work. Having deposited his twelve cents for his bed he was perfectly free to go and purchase his food and cook it.

That was not as strange to Curley as one might be inclined to think, for in his travels and through his South African experience, he had often done his own cooking, and many a meal had he made out of a handful of "mealies" and a drop of dirty water.

So to purchase his piece of meat and his bread, onions, and other necessary delicacies, and to cook them in the capacious kitchen set apart for the accommodation of the several guests in the Bloomsbury Square House, was nothing new.

With sleeves rolled up he would procure his frying-pan and put his little steak on, and fry it in delicious onions, hovering over them with tender solicitude, and at the same time watching with anxious care his "hookey" of boiling water for his tea; and when the

feast was ready he would betake himself—having first washed out his frying-pan, etc., ready for a fellow-guest—to his accustomed corner and there eat his supper with gusto, and devour at the same time portions of the New Testament, which, by the way, was given him by his friend, the Ensign, having no copy of the Holy Bible with him, and (here let me whisper to you) often share his humble meal with a less fortunate lodger, and then together they would go upstairs to the room where the manager held a meeting almost every night.

Other days it would fall to Curley's lot to be a "sandwich-man."

How familiar to Londoners are the "sandwich-men"—so called because they carry suspended from their shoulders two boards, upon which is pasted some advertisement,



Other days it would fall to Curley's lot to be a 'sandwich-man.'

one falling in front and one behind them—and yet how unfamiliar!

How many of the hundreds upon hundreds who daily see these men, ever think to themselves that each one of them has a history?

Aye, and what a history one could write of any one of them, for they are not all lazy vagabonds.

Curley found that among his comrades on that dreary march, cooped up between these two boards, were ex-soldiers, gentlemen, and even graduates from different universities.

His immediate neighbor one day, as he took his humble lunch of cheese without bread, was a qualified M.D., of Dublin University, and they had many an interesting conversation together.

Indeed, it would reward any reporter to have interviews with many of the board-men who daily parade the streets of London, carrying their "sandwich" with them.

Such work as this, varied by a day or so addressing envelopes and circulars, occupied Curley for many weeks.

In the intervals between his occupations he applied for various situations, and one was for an attendant on a sick gentleman. Some few days after his application for that post he received a letter from a doctor asking him to call at a certain address in London.

Making himself as spruce as possible, Curley waited on the doctor, and the result of their interview was that Curley was to meet the doctor the following afternoon at London Bridge Station to go down to "his place," near Brighton.

With no idea of where he was bound for, Curley turned up next day, and with the doctor entered the train.

Station after station they flashed by, all made familiar to Curley by his frequent visits to B— during his happy days of courtship, and as those happy days were brought so vividly to his mind he bitterly regretted the fact of his having kept his fiancee so long in painful ignorance of his whereabouts, and he silently vowed that as soon as he was presentable again, and in a position to again approach her he would do so.

Picture his astonishment when the doctor alighted at B—, the very place where his loved one lived, and with a feeling of joy, and yet dismay, Curley followed the doctor to the waiting conveyance, his thoughts all in a whirl at this unexpected event.

He was bound to the very village where he had spent so many, many happy days in the past. What had the future in store?

Chapter VIII.

For a few days Curley did not go out except in the grounds attached to the doctor's establishment (a private asylum), and curiosity ran rife among the villagers as to who the new "keeper" was, and what he was like.

To Curley's credit be it said that the groom circulated the story that as he and the doctor came out of the station he (the groom) could not tell which was which, and further vouched the information that the "new man" was a "real gent."

After turning the matter over in his mind, and even praying about it, Curley decided to write to his sweetheart a long and detailed account of what had happened since they last met, and asking if, in the present circumstances, the same conditions of relationship could be continued.

Admitted 'twas with trembling anxiety that Curley posted that letter.

Not once had he met Miss P— while he had been at the doctor's, and he almost dreaded their meeting till he had a reply to his epistle.

Two days passed in anxious suspense, and then the doctor announced to Curley that some one desired to speak with him in the drawing room, and allowed him free access to that room.

Wondering who it could be who wished to speak in privacy with him, he entered. With an exclamation of joy he sprang forward on seeing the familiar figure of Miss P—, and as she was prompted to make the same movement, he knew without asking that all was well.

Countless explanations followed, and the shades of evening falling slowly found them sitting hand in hand in complete silence, as is customary with characters in "the old old story" of love.

Curley's happiness was complete now. Not only had he the blessed peace and comfort from the knowledge of past sins forgiven, but he had also the assurance of one he held dearest that he still reigned supreme in her heart, and he was fired with renewed ambition to forge ahead and recover, to some extent, his old position.

(To be continued.)

A Week at the Congress.

INTERNATIONAL DEMONSTRATION—SEARCHING ADDRESSES TO 30,000 PEOPLE, BY THE GENERAL—A UNIQUE MEMORIAL SERVICE—A GRAND SALVATION WEEK-END—CROWDS OF SEEKING SOULS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

The International Congress marks not only a new chapter of Salvation Army history, but most assuredly an unparalleled epoch in the history of Christianity.

It is stupendous.

We are too close to the event to fully realize its meaning; and yet we wonder as we look and listen.

It is marvellous!

Marvellous from point of numbers. Marvellous from point of variety. Marvellous in the fact that the delegates present are representative of an organisation started by one man, whom God has deigned to honor so exceedingly that He has permitted him to

see, in his old age, the fruits of faith and sacrifice in the birth of a nation of redeemed men and women of all kindreds and tongues. Marvellous in the great spirit of love that erases prejudices and overthrows national and racial barriers, making friends and brothers of all men. Marvellous, also, in the promise of future possibility.

We look and wonder while our hearts well over with humility and gratitude at the mercy of God and the devotion of the Moses of the Salvation Army, who has led us out of bondage into liberty, and made of us a people. Hallelujah!

The meetings were divine!

There is no other word that would rightly express my own estimate of these gatherings. They were a sample of Heaven, and have been the portals of life to many souls.

The Albert Hall reception, to my mind, was alone worth while coming across the ocean to witness. The Strand Hall cannot be described in a few words, for each meeting differed so essentially. But it was heavenly!

All through the week the General was magnificent, and yet so simple and clear in all his addresses that all could follow easily.

The Chief has captured the hearts of the Canadians, and he simply must come and see us! We guarantee him a right royal reception.

The people of London are astonished at the Salvation Army. Everybody is gracious to us, from the King to the newsboy. The police are courtesy itself, anxious to render assistance and give information. Indeed, I have not heard one word to annoy us from any one.

The crowds struck me as enormous. To fill the Strand Hall two or three times each day, as well as, a few doors down, Exeter Hall, which was packed each evening, and crowds turned away, is certainly remarkable, to say the least.

Every meeting seemed to be a climax, and there are no more superlatives left for me to employ.

—B.F.



A New Zealander.



A Dusky Delegate from East India.

Monday, 2.30 p.m.

War Memories in the International Hall.

For an hour and more before Monday afternoon's Foreign War Demonstration began in the International Hall, the fast-increasing flow of traffic in the Strand and on the Embankment was streaked with the colors of the Blood and Fire. Brilliant sunshine added to the glow of the many national hues worn by the smiling Salvation throng. Such scene was a marvel even to London, where the greatest pageants the world has to show are witnessed. And London stopped to look.

When the General, more radiant than ever, appeared at 2.30, the building was thronged, and the singing, in many languages, of "God is keeping His soldiers fighting," was as "the voice of many waters."

"War is our theme," said the General, in his stirring missionary address. "Ours is a real war. Let him who thinks we are playing at soldiers come and try his hand on the plains of Gujarat, in the slums of London, or among the outcasts of New York or Melbourne. We are attacking the giant evils that prey on the vitals of humanity—unbelief, heathenism, drink, lust and ignorance. We are fighting for the glory of God, for the purification of our own natures, and for the salvation of the bodies and souls of men. These are objects worth fighting for, although they call for great hardships." That is all too brief a summary.

Representative officers then spoke of the progress of the Salvation Army in the countries from which they came. Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg spoke for Switzerland, working in with fine effect the story of a brave Alpine guide's self-sacrifice.

The Bermudan Juniors, the Newfoundland Brigade, and the sweet singing Hollandia Songsters also took part in this great meeting, which Commissioner Coombs closed by starting the very appropriate song, "Salvation is the best thing in the wide, wide world."

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Monday, 6.30 p.m.

This night was the first of a series of wonderful united foreign demonstrations, but as we deal at greater length with meetings of a similar character, and as our space is limited, we make but the briefest allusion to a few of its principal features.

Long before the advertised hour of commencement the spacious hall was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the intensest eagerness seemed to mark the faces of the vast concourse, who were brought into the closest possible touch with the representatives of the nationalities, who, in their picturesque costumes and with divers instruments gave the platform all the appearance of a brilliant masque of color.

Getting quickly to business, the General disposed of a false idea. "I don't like," he said, "the word 'foreign demonstration.'

"No land is, or should be, foreign to a Salvationist. There has been a great deal of talk lately about the brotherhood of man, but I am afraid not much has come out of it. A Salvationist should say, with the Apostle, 'I know no man after the flesh. In Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, bond nor free.' We feel with other Christian organisations our obligations to the heathen world."

The General then, with interest and rapidity, sketched the missionary operations of the Army, giving prominence to the fact that the organisation had passed through its various training agencies in India 1,886 native officers and teachers, to say nothing of the 150 safely landed in the skies, and others who, though no longer occupying positions of responsibility in the field, are doing invaluable ser-

vice as local officers and soldiers.

Pursuing his rapid review, the General took his audience across the continent of Africa, the far-stretching prairies of Canada and America, up to the everlasting snows among Lapps and denizens of Labrador, finishing with a stirring appeal for the consecration of men and money.

The final scenes were strikingly picturesque, the meeting closing with a burst of holy enthusiasm.



One of the Yankee Choir.

Tuesday and Wednesday.

TWO DAYS WITH GOD.

The most prominent item in the list of meetings held last week in connection with our International Congress was the "Two Days with God."

Religion has made the Salvation Army. We are nothing, worse than nothing, without it. And by religion we mean the realisation of God in our hearts—ruling, directing and inspiring us in the doing of His will. Hence, whereas the missionary, musical, and Social branches of our operations figured largely in the Congress programme, two whole days were devoted to the claims of God and the needs of the soul.

The interest in these gatherings was universal.

The expectations, especially of those who had heard of or read about them, were high.

As Mrs. Colonel French, of San Francisco, said in her prayer, "This place (meaning the Two Days) is a veritable Jerusalem." They were the inner court of the great Congress sanctuary.

The attendance at the Two Days would supply, therefore, an index of the spiritual appetite, and their character would illustrate the spiritual power of the Army throughout the world. The event was second to none in importance.

The General realized this. He had, accordingly, carefully prepared for it—his addresses, the song book, the solos, and the testimonies were all moulded and determined with this fact in his mind.

Nothing was allowed to interfere with, or deteriorate from the high character to which it was believed they would rise.

And God was glorified in the result. Much believing prayer preceded the first gathering, for the Chief of the Staff and those who were associated with him in the immediate direction of the Congress, realized the vast possibilities of these meetings to the Army. And yet



A Canadian Representative.

they had reasonable grounds for doubting the effect of two things in making these special gatherings successful:

First, the immense size of the building. This is far more serious than would at first be imagined.

The speaking at Two Days has necessarily to be comparatively long, and not always of the character that is calculated to sustain the interest of the religious flotsam and jetsam, who have it largely in their power to make or mar the character of meetings of this nature.

Would the General's voice be heard all the time, and with sufficient clearness to control this element?

Moreover, the size of the building might prove a big obstacle to the fishing, on the close personal power of which so much depends.

Then, secondly, there was a question of taste. The meetings preceding the Two Days were, as a matter of fact, overwhelming in sheer interest. Never, in the history of a religious organization, have the doings of salvation meetings been talked about and reported as have those of this Congress.

The press was lavish in its description of the meetings, mainly, however, on the picturesque side.

When, therefore, the general public found that instead of the entrancing songs and ditties and talks of native and other continents, the General would unsheathe the sword of the Spirit and plunge it into the bosom of the careless, half-hearted disciples of Christ, as well as the out-and-out sinner, how would they respond?

What effect would this have upon the attendance and character of the Congress?

These were questions that a wise, discerning leader had to face.

But, to the glory of God, and the everlasting honor of the Divine Spirit, the gracious and hallowed influence that descended upon the first meeting on Tuesday morning increased and increased in power until, on Wednesday night, the place became glorious with a sense of the Divine Presence, and not the vestige of a barrier to the free course of the Word seemed to remain.

Not only did the crowds come, but in overflowing numbers. Thirty thousand people is a reasonable estimate of the two days' attendees.

They comprehended all grades of Salvation Soldiers, in addition to the delegations; also many clergymen of the Church of England and Nonconformists.

At one sitting we would see the venerable Sir George Williams, founder of the Young Men's Christian Association, lingering affectionately in the Strand passage, listening to the seraphic singing. At another the genial countenance of the Rev. John McNeil was not far removed from a group of half a dozen curates, who viewed the procession to the penitent-form of seekers for holiness with deep interest. The outside element was largely in evidence.

Our old friend, Prebendary Webb-Peploe, viewed the proceedings with evident pleasure, as also did the Rev. F. B. Meyer, who has shown his kindly interest in the Congress by entertaining four of the delegates. Others, bearing names well known in the Christian world for their sturdy preaching of the Gospel, testified by their presence to their practical interest in this particular order of meeting.

And what shall we say of the meetings themselves? The studied care and eagerness of the mighty crowd to catch every sentence that fell from the General's lips?

The sure evidences of individual dissatisfaction with present spiritual attainments?

The readiness to listen to the most ordinary Salvationist in the prayer meeting?

The singing—that sounded like a trumpet of the skies with the combined voices of 5,000 heavenly intelligences? The singing—that, as a lady journalist of the first rank declared—"almost hypnotized me into a Salvation soldier on the spot"? The singing that, conveyed as nothing else did, the consciousness and experience of the Army of the great realities and truth which the General en-

forced? Singing that transformed place and people into the heavenly?

And of those striking addresses of our leaders, piercing in their application, accurately drawn, logical and Scriptural?—addresses which sparkled with gems of thought, personal experience, and sword-thrusts to the half-hearted and worldly?

They indented each meeting with an impression which was reflected in the long rows of penitents, and when put together with the testimonies and general direction of the six gatherings, will not only not be forgotten, but carried in spirit round the world to be reproduced according to the ability and experience of those who will imitate them.

The Two Days' Strand meetings will have far-reaching and permanent effects.

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Thursday, 2.30 p.m.

The hall was packed in every part, and the platform was a veritable rainbow of color when the General commenced the afternoon meeting at half-past two. The service took the form of a United Missionary Demonstration, and the large assembly of foreign representatives on the platform, all in their distinctive costumes, made a splendid spectacle.

First it was Europe's turn, and German and French officers led the thousands in prayer. "Now Sweden will sing," cried the General, and the flaxen-haired Swedish men and women stood up and sang sweetly, without accompaniment, one of the Army's hymns in their native tongue.

Ensign Gillam, from the North-West, followed with a rousing song. The chorus was enthusiastically taken up by the audience, who lustily pledged their loyalty to "The Flag with the Star in the Centre: the Yellow, the Red, and the Blue."

Brigadier Maidment, from South America, came forward to translate the burning testimony of Taborda, a picturesque and pure-blooded native of the Argentine Republic. This Spanish-speaking "gaúcho" began his testimony by gladly shouting, "Glory be to God because I'm saved."

Captain Washimi and Captain Sodani, two women-officers from Japan, were cheered enthusiastically when they came forward to sing and speak. Before they did so, Colonel Bullard explained that to-day there were not ten women who were public speakers in the whole of the Japanese Empire.

In distinct English, Captain Washimi said: "I come from a country where the customs are very different from those in this land; but my God is the same as yours. (Applause.) I must thank you, and particularly the General, for sending the Salvation Army to Japan."

Commissioner Kilbey, from South Africa, reported that never before in the history of that great country had public sympathy with the Salvation Army been so general as at present. Soul-saving work is in a flourishing state.

Capt. D. Kuaana Lyman, from the Sandwich Islands, gave a splendid testimony. Speaking on behalf of his comrades in Hawaii, the Captain hoped the General would prove their remarkable hospitality by visiting them. The Hawaiian Salvationists, he said, were equal to any for loyalty. On hearing this, the General gripped Kuaana's hand, but whether it was a greeting or a promise which our leader gave him we couldn't hear for applause.

Colonel Nurani, the Provincial Officer of Gujerat, India, gave some interesting particulars of the Salvation Army's work in that great empire.

Lieut. Christo Das, a converted Buddhist priest from India, declared in a joyous voice, "God is my strength, Christ is my power, the Holy Spirit is my comforter, and the Salvation Army is my home."

Major Vishram Das, a converted high-caste Hindoo, was the last speaker in this remarkable meeting, and for a time it looked as though he would go on for ever, so full was he of joy and gratitude to God.

The meeting was a wonderful illustration of the unity of all hearts in the bonds of sal-

vation, and one of the most powerful and interesting of the series.

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Thursday, 6.30 p.m.

Musical Festival.

The Musical Festival was timed to start at half-past six; at six p.m. there was scarcely a seat to be had, and hundreds in queue form stood between Aldwych Avenue and right round to the Strand ticket office—a distance of one hundred yards—waiting to pass in. We have seen nothing like it in our times.

The scene inside the colossal building was imposing. The various parts were distributed on and off the platform. The massed bands occupied the centre of the slope at the north end. The Bermudan band and juniors were placed among the Canadian Contingent on the slope of the opposite wing.

The platform was a study in color. On the south division of it were ranged in rows of deep blue, with a thin line of red (a trifle sombre-looking), the I.H.Q. Staff, Trade and Congress Songsters—three hundred in all. In appearance the other half was like Joseph's coat, the flashing golden and silver hues of the instruments with the red, white, blue, green, orange and other colors of the German, Norwegian, Swedish and other singers giving it a brilliant setting.

Infinite Possibilities.

As a whole, the program was a revelation of the extraordinary ability of both songsters and brass musicians, the consecration and adaptation of this ability to the highest objects of the Army, and the possibilities which the program foreshadowed of music, in our hands, becoming more than ever what the General summed up as "a herald of salvation and a handmaiden of holiness."

The first soul-lifting piece in the program was by the Congress Songsters.

Then came the massed bands with "Tis years since I found peace," which for strength left nothing to be desired.

A lightning change brought the Swiss Alpine Salvationists in front of the rail, where they treated us to perhaps the most original adaptation of the word "Hallelujah" ever heard on an Army platform.

It was thrilling, and to show his delight the General rose, donned the Alpine cap of one of the party, and waved the mountaineer's alpenschoek.

The French National Brass Band appropriately followed with the "Marseillaise" tune, and imparted the first practical novelty of the evening, by the waving of the Blood-and-Fire and national Tricolor while the band played.

The Danes gave us a specimen of their sharp, sweet and ringing vocal powers in a song with the refrain, "Jesus will never fail." Every member of the brigade played a guitar.

The American National Brass Band, perched a little too near the north corner, gave "Would you know why I love the Saviour?" and with the first couple of bars captured and captivated the audience.

After the "Hallelujah Chorus," with new words, by the Congress Songsters, perfectly rendered, the Canadian Staff Band gave "We're marching on together," to the tune of the "Maple Leaf," with a chorus which was sung by both the band and the Canadian Contingent, and much appreciated by all. The appearance of the band suggests a high order of discipline.

The International Staff and Trade Songsters next sang "The Song of the Ages," which the audience showed their deep appreciation of by following every line with the closest attention and evident feeling.

The growingly-popular Bermudan children, with their maple leaves and white dresses, took us by storm by their singing.

The colored Bermudan brass band received an ovation, and both their playing and singing were marked by an earnestness and enthusiasm which the appreciative audience did not let pass without endorsing in prolonged applause.

(Continued on page 8.)



HOLINESS.

By Major J. N. Parker.

VII.—The Human Heart Without it.

1. It is bad. If you are not sanctified there are things there that you would not like anyone to know, and you try to keep them from knowing by appearing as nice as possible in their presence; but anger, pride, selfishness, envy, jealousy, impure thoughts, and many other things are there. Indeed, your heart is so bad that you would be frightened at the thought of even your own mother knowing of them, lest she might desert you.

2. The Bible is a sealed book to you. It all seems so dark. The experiences of the holy are not understood and seem so far off. You think, "Oh, if I could only have the beautiful experience that the disciples had." I am glad to tell you that you can have the same blessed experience if you will sacrifice and obey as they did.

3. Because of inbred sin, you sometimes wonder if you ever were saved at all. Sometimes you are up and down until you feel like saying, "Is there no better life than this? Is this all there is in salvation?" Thank God I am able to tell you there is a better way, and you can walk in it if you will but comply with the conditions.

4. There is no use trying to get away from the facts. If you are a worker especially, you are likely to be jealous of others' success in getting souls in a way that you seem not to be able to do. This jealousy, if it does not show in another way, may in your talking about them and belittling their work. Especially is this so of those who are your equals.

5. There is a tendency to lower the standard of salvation to suit your own experience. What we should seek to do is to find out the real, or God's, standard, and then stand by it no difference whether it suits us or not. Never lower God's standard, but be glad that it is there. That it is an evidence that it is possible for you to come up to it, and a promise of God that you shall if you comply with the necessary conditions.

6. There is very likely a dislike for the Bible and holiness people. There is so much in the Bible and their lives that condemn you that you are not comfortable in these associations. If you are not, how can you expect to be in the presence of God, the angels, and the blood-washed in heaven? There is just one way to get to where you can enjoy these, and that is by getting holiness.

7. You may be very ambitious and possibly have your air-castle set up in your visionary sky. It will have to come down and be given to God. Or possibly you may have no ambition and be really lazy. This experience, thank God, will take all feelings of that kind out of you.

8. You may be proud. You may hate yourself for doing so, yet you are so proud that you follow the fashions, and are so worldly in appearance that no one can really tell the difference. You may be proud of what you accomplish, your ability, your looks, your family. There is no glory due you for anything, for God has created all else but Himself.

9. There is great and especial difficulty in reaching God in prayer. He seems so far off, and your hold on Him is so slight that you often wonder if you will be able to continue, or whether you will not become a backslider and end in hell at last.

10. There is a half-and-half about your life that is almost unendurable. You want to be good and you don't want to do so. You try to be good, but it is hard to do so. At one time you are doing well, and then something happens and you are discouraged and think it is all over with you. Why lead such a

life when the beautiful Canaan of holiness lies before with all its blessedness, joy, rest, and victory.

11. There is disbelief. It is so hard to have faith because you have not yet learned to trust God for all that Christ has died to give you. You trust and tremble, and probably tremble more than trust. Get inbred sin out of the heart and then you will be surprised that you did not trust Him more.

I have sought to show you yourself, dear reader, and help you to see that there is a better way to live. Will you not seek this way? If you begin to seek it and will really stick to it, God will give it to you and you may know the blessing of Him who said, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Holiness Gems.

From an Address by Commissioner Howard.

Every Salvationist should not only see the value and importance of the possession of a holy character, but should be the highest expression of it.

To produce a holy character in others is among the most important branches of a Salvationist's work, whatever his position may be.

Conduct follows character, like the shadow follows the substance. Hence, a holy life will grow out of a sanctified heart and character.

This is the bull's-eye of the Salvation Army's target—to make holy men and women.

We publish to all the world the possibility of men being changed from sinners into saints, not only in name or profession, but in fact, and the Salvationist should be a manifestation of this great truth—this holiness of heart and life—and ever be seeking to lead others into it.

With many holiness is an exquisite vision—a beautiful picture—something to be dreamed about. With some it is a pleasant memory; to them, perhaps, it was a realization at one time, but now it is nothing but a memory.

Even if a holy character was an ideal which could not be realized, the very nearest realization that is given to the world should be found in the experience and life of a Salvation Army soldier.

How shall I develop a holy character, or, in other words, how shall I promote my own holiness? I am not speaking simply of getting the blessing of a clean heart, but of the development of a holy character. The getting of a clean heart is only the beginning, but the character has to be grown, cultivated, developed. How, therefore, shall I cultivate, promote, and develop this holiness of heart and character?

We talk so much about the gift of God and His grace, that we are apt, sometimes, to be carried a little too far, and to forget that the cultivation of character depends, to a large extent, on ourselves. God is always ready to co-operate with us and crown our efforts with success, but there must be a stirring up of ourselves to take hold of God—a denying ourselves of anything that would hinder. There must be labor and determination. We cannot reach hill-tops without climbing.

If you want to promote your own holiness

you will have to keep out of all avoidable temptation, otherwise you will be likely to go down. Refrain from dabbling in, or playing with these things which hinder your soul, or are likely to impede your progress in holiness.

If you desire to develop a holy character you must cultivate habits of pure thinking. Good, pure, holy thoughts are ladders by which the soul may climb up to the throne of God. Resist everything that would suggest imaginations of impurity. Cultivate habits of thinking purely.

In order to aid the cultivation of a holy character you must choose right companionships, select those people who will be likely to help you in your pursuit of holiness, or those whose conversation runs in the right direction, who are willing to talk about those things which are helpful to godliness and spirituality. Through the companionship of good books you can come into converse with the holiest, best, truest, grandest men the world has ever known.

Not only does our own observation and experience confirm the Scriptural statement, that, by nature, "the heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked," but it is equally true that the heart will never come right of itself, neither can any man put his own heart right. Salvation Army meetings cannot do it.

Here comes in—where we utterly fail—the blessedness of that wonderful plan of God's salvation, by which He is willing, if a man or woman will submit to Him, to rectify the heart, which by nature is wrong—to purify the stream which comes from a polluted fountain. Just as in the original creation God brought light out of darkness and the various living forms out of that which lay dead and inert—just as He produced order out of chaos, and harmony out of confusion, so, by His own creative skill—His own wonderful power—He can produce similar results in your heart, in your nature and experience.

INSTRUCTION DRILL.

What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

Avoid Debt.

Debt is a great evil. It destroys a man's peace, makes him feel like a slave, has a bad effect upon his example, and an unfavorable influence upon those who are without.

When a Salvation Soldier who is seriously in debt walks about in uniform and does anything for the salvation of souls, he feels that his creditors may be saying, "If he would pay me what he owes me, then I should have some respect for his religion."

If debt is such an evil, then it must be a Salvation Soldier's duty to keep free from it. On no account should he contract debt except he can see in the most confident manner his ability to meet it when the claim falls due.

To do otherwise with a man's goods is almost as bad as stealing them. To steal them is to fetch them away with the full intention of not paying for them, while getting them on credit, when he knows he won't be able to pay for them, amounts to very much the same thing.

Those soldiers who are involved in debt when converted must make up their minds to pay up at the earliest opportunity. They should tell their creditors so, and whether these debts were incurred for drink or anything else, they should live in an economical manner in order to save money and pay them off.

Young People's Page

The World's Great Men.

ISAAC NEWTON.—1642-1727.

As a literary philosopher, Bacon surpasses Newton; as an experimental philosopher, Newton surpasses Bacon. Newton's works contain nothing in point of style and illustration comparable to Bacon's essays; Bacon's works contain nothing in point of scientific discovery and mathematical calculation comparable to Newton's "Optics" and "Principia." Newton's name is a glorious gem of the Royal Society, and the Royal Society is justly proud of its illustrious ornament. He joined it in January, 1674, when he was excused the ordinary payment of a shilling a week "on account of his low circumstances as he represented." In 1703, he was elected to the presidential chair, which he continued to occupy until his death in 1727.

Characteristic mementoes are preserved of him among the Royal Society treasures. There is a solar dial made by the boy Isaac, when, instead of studying his grammar and learning Virgil and Horace, he was busy making wind-mills and water-clocks.

We fancy we see him going along the road to Grantham on a market day with the old servant who owned him, and who took care of him, and when stopping upon the wayside to watch the motions of a water-mill, reflecting upon the mechanical principles involved in the simple contrivance. It is pleasant with our eyes closed to dream of how the afternoons became to sit down by the riverside, and to speculate upon the ignorance of the old servant who accompanied him, and of the farmers they saluted upon the way, as to the illustrious destiny which awaited the widow, son, and liver at the manor house of Woolsthorpe.

The reflecting telescope, prepared along with the dial, was made by Newton in his thirtieth year, and reminds us of the deep mathematical studies he pursued in purifying himself. The automaton M.S. of the "Principia," also in the possession of the Royal Society, gives increased vividness to the picture of this extraordinary person in his study, solving mysterious problems, and suggesting other studies. The silver hair and the locks of silvery hair add the last touch to fancy's picture—like the stroke of a pencil which, when a portrait is almost complete, gives life and expression to the whole.

Newton was portly but not tall, his silvery locks were abundant without any baldness, and his eyes were sparkling and piercing, though perhaps they failed to indicate the profound genius which through them looked into the secrets of the universe. Wonderful humility blended with his intellectual greatness. To other men he seemed a spirit of higher rank, having almost superhuman faculties; of mental vision wont to soar into regions which the world's eyes hath never seen; but himself he was but a boy playing with the shells on the seashore, while the ocean lay undiscovered before him.

Others were taken with what Newton accomplished, while Newton was taken with what remained to be done.

So it is ever with the highest genius; the broader the range of view, the wider the horizon of mystery. He who understands more than others is conscious beyond others of what remains yet to be understood. Isaac was born at Woolsthorpe, in Lincolnshire, on December 25th, 1642, one year after the death of Galileo, and just as England was being plunged into the horrors of "civil war." Strange to say, as a lad, he was inattentive to study; but being struck by a school-fellow, he strangely rallied and determined to give all his time in the class, which he accomplished, and ere long became head of the school. His play hours were employed in mechanical contrivances, and a wind-mill in the course of erection on the Grantham road was an object of intense interest and a source of immense fun. He soon had a wind-mill of his own, and also a water-clock in his room, and a mechanical carriage in the parlor, in which he could wheel himself.

Paper kites and paper lanterns were his favorite toys. In the yard of the house he traced on the wall the movements of the sun by means of fixed pins. The contrivance received the name of "Newton's dial," and was a standard of time to the country people in the neighborhood.

(To be continued.)

It is related in ancient story that a young man went to Socrates to learn oratory. On being introduced, he talked so incessantly that Socrates asked for double fees.

"Why charge me double?" asked the young fellow.

"Because," said the philosopher, "I must teach two sciences—the one how to hold your tongue, the other how to speak." The first is the more difficult.

"ONE OF THE GREATEST AMERICANS OF THE CENTURY."

This is the proud title given by one of our most eminent statesmen to him who began life as a slave-boy—Frederick Douglass.

"I once knew a little colored boy whose parents died when he was six years old," said Mr. Douglass, in addressing a colored school not long before he died. "He slept on a straw bed, in a hovel, and in cold weather he would crawl into a meal-bag head foremost, and leave his feet in the ashes to keep them warm. Often he would roast an ear of corn and eat it to satisfy his hunger, and many times he was rawed under the barn or stable and secured eggs which he would eat in the fire ashes."

"I learned to spell from an old Webster's spelling-book; and to read and write from patent medicine almanacs on the plantation, or posters on cellar and barn doors, while boys and men would help him. He would then preach and speak; and soon we became well known. He became a presidential elector, United States marshal, United States recorder, United States diplomat, and accumulated some wealth. He wore

Sabbath-School class, till his master, in fury, broke up. "He was a slave," was the reason. Covey, the overseer, to break him in." This cruel master initiated him by a terrible beating. Before the year was half over, he had a conflict of two hours with Covey, in which he routed the overseer. From that time he felt he had broken the shackles; for "when a slave cannot be flogged, he is more than half free."

Once he tried to escape, the second time he was caught. Under a sailor's papers, he reached New Bedford. He was then twenty-one years old; and he had graduated from the terrible school of slavery, "with his diploma on his back."

"I saw wood," he says, "shovelled coal, dug cellars, moved rubbish from back yards, worked in iron foundries, and in various vessels, and secured their cabin; afterwards I worked in oil-works, and in a brass foundry. Hard work, night and day, over a furnace hot enough to keep the metal running like water, was more favorable to action than to thought; yet there I often nattered a newspaper to the post near my bellows, and read while I was giving the up-and-down motion to the heavy beam by which the bellows was inflated and discharged. It was the pursuit of knowledge under difficulties."

At Nantucket, in 1841, he was called upon to speak at a public meeting.

"It was with the very greatest difficulty," he says, "that I could stand erect, that I could command and articulate two words without hesitating and stammering. I trembled in every limb. I am not sure that my embarrassment was not the most effective part of my speech."

He told his story of a slave, and he was at once engaged to speak for the Anti-Slavery Society. From the time of that Nantucket speech dated his public life.

"Mr. Douglass had a commanding figure, a commanding presence, a commanding voice. When he rose to his feet, and the audience saw that dignified and serious, but kindly, face, that venerable and seer-like aspect, and when they heard that voice, attention was arrested, and every one was hushed to silence and expectation. His voice was of unequalled depth and volume and power."

The Amateur Photographer.

Bromide Process.—(Continued.)

With bromide paper no toning is required. The dish used for the development of these prints should be devoted exclusively to that purpose.

Four things are necessary in order to avoid yellowing: (1) The developer must be acid; (2) The clearing solution must be used precisely as directed; (3) The hyposulphite of soda must be freshly mixed for the fixation of each batch of prints; (4) The prints must be subjected to a more thorough washing after being fixed.

Those who prefer prints with a high gloss should expose them to the sun afterwards, on a polished piece of ebony; when dry the prints will peal off with a fine enamelled surface.

Be extremely cautious not to have the slightest trace of either pyrogallic acid or hyposulphite of soda about during the manipulation of bromide prints, or the results will be most disastrous.

Bromide prints must be mounted and dried, the drying must be hastened, the means is blotting-paper, as in the case of silver prints. To mount, brush the back with thin starch paste, lay the print on the mount, and rub into contact with soft cloth.

Platinotype.—Perhaps of all permanent black-and-white processes, that known as "Platinotype" is the most beautiful. The prints can be done by sunlight, but is a much tedious process than that of using silver paper. No fixing is necessary, and the final washing is complete in half an hour. This is a great saving of both trouble and time. The prints, too, when finished are absolutely permanent, while the necessary manipulations are the essence of simplicity. The prints are exposed in exactly the same manner as silver prints, but only under a third of the time. Afterwards they are developed in a solution of oxalate of potash. They are then immersed for a little while in a weak acid bath, and finally washed are ready for mounting.

Platinotype paper has peculiarities of its own. It is not only extremely sensitive to light, but also to dust. When a print is mounted the chloride of calcium is always present in the atmosphere over on the dust day. In order, therefore, to guard against this, the paper has to be kept in special tubes, at the top of each of which is a perforated box, containing, in a meal-bag, a small quantity of chloride of calcium, a salt which quickly absorbs every particle of moisture which is in the air.

The joints of the tubes are covered with India-rubber bands, so that every precaution is taken to keep out the insidious foe. When the chloride of calcium becomes damp from long use it must be dried in the oven, or over the fire upon a shovel, and then repeated. Even dust particles, which are not perceptible to the eye, are extremely liable to printing.

It is essential to place a thin, vulcanized India-rubber between the paper and the pad, so extremely sensitive to damp are the salts of iron and platinum with which the paper is coated. After exposure the prints must be again placed in the celluloid tubes, where they must remain till the actual time of development. Neglect of any of these necessary precautions will result in the prints lacking "pluck," and exhibiting dulness of tone, with dirty, impure whites.

A stolen sermon is bound to please the devil. One Father of all must mean one family for all. A man is never too poor to send a prayer despatch.



Bootblack's Sorrows. (D'Orsay Photo.)

bootcloth, and did not have to divide crumbs with the dogs under the table. That boy was Frederick Douglass. What was possible for me, is possible for you. Do not think you cannot accomplish anything.

His mother was the only slave he ever knew, who could read. He had mother but two or three times, and then in the night when she would walk twelve miles to be with him an hour, returning in time to go into the field at dawn. The last time he saw her, the hungry boy was roasting a few kernels of corn when she entered. He felt proud as a little king, seated on her knee, as she gave him a ginger-cake. He slept in her arms, but when he awoke she was gone.

"I remember," he said, "the first time I ever heard the Bible read, and from that time I trace my first desire to learn to read. I was only seven years old. It was the first chapter of Job. My sympathy for the old man led me to ask my mistress to teach me to read."

His mistress began to teach him; but her husband, hearing her boast of the boy's brightness, declared that if he learned to read the Bible, there would be no keeping him a slave. Thereafter she would snatch a book or newspaper to read him. But she was too late; he had learned to read.

When he was eight years old, having heard that he could run away, he determined himself to be free sometime. He bought the "Columbian Orator," for fifty cents, which he earned by blacking boots, and in that he read a dialogue between a master and slave; and there he read speeches of Sheridan, Chatham, Pitt, and Fox, and lessons in oratory. Then there came to him the dawn of a religious life, with new hopes and aspirations; and he taught a

(Continued from page 5.)

The Norwegian Songsters, led by Major Ostby, gave the revelation of the night, as far as ability is concerned. The music was composed by the leader. He had only eight days in which to prepare for the Congress. The result was, therefore, marvellous.

Another selection by the massed bands, and a fragile Swedish young woman, Ensign Ring, stepped forward and sang in her mother tongue:

"My Jesus, I love Thee; I know Thou art mine."

When we reached the verse, "In mansions of glory," it seemed to the General a fitting moment to bring the feast to a close. It certainly was a fitting sentiment, for if ever a hall was turned into a mansion of glory it was on this occasion.

♦ ♦ ♦

Friday, 2.30 p.m.

Memorial Service.

It was meet and right that the Army should commence such a meeting with an introductory paean of triumph:—

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain."

And yet there were few dry eyes in that congregation five minutes after the commencement of the proceedings. Our sainted Army mother and some of those precious comrades so feelingly and lovingly mentioned by the Chief during the progress of the service have long since reached the "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood." To most of us, however, it seemed as if we were once more at the open graves of these dear departed ones.

The presence upon the platform of Commander Booth-Tucker and some of his darling family touched us deeply. The Consul lives in our hearts and memories.

And when the General, with tender voice, spoke to us of our precious Army mother, it was easy to recall her saintly presence and to reflect upon her beautiful life and godly example.

Intensely interesting were the testimonies and messages read by the Chief of the Staff from officers now in Heaven, illustrating their confidence and triumph in life and death. Strong men wept; tears fell copiously all over the building—few could avoid them, nor, indeed, was there a desire to hide the uppermost feeling. The blessed assurance of each and every departed comrade as now expressed could not fail to touch the hardest heart. These were among the most impressive moments of a remarkably impressive service—perhaps the most impressive of the whole Congress series.

Many souls were quickly at the mercy-seat, and the congregation rejoiced with the angels and our promoted comrades in the results of this blessed memorial service.

♦ ♦ ♦

Friday, 7.30 p.m.

Social Scheme Night.

The General's great speech on the Social operations of the Army on Friday night brought to the International Hall, Strand, an audience sprinkled all over the vast area with a large number of friends whose sympathies are mainly determined by what it accomplishes for the wails of our cities and the submerged classes.

The platform was transformed. Instead of the foreign delegates, the space was occupied by leading officers and workers engaged in Social Work at home and abroad, while on the wing reserved for the men were several typical characters who had either benefited or had been converted through some agency of the Social Scheme.

Several gave testimonies, notably Adjutant Macgregor, a converted tramp, and now a social worker of distinction.

Commissioner McKie spoke principally of the friendly and practical co-operation of the

Colonial governments with the Army's Social Work.

Commander Booth-Tucker drew a vivid outline of the enormous strides the Social Work, especially the Colonization section of it, was making in America.

Commissioner Sturgess gave some striking illustrations of the reforming power of both the men and women's work among the prisoners and the unfortunate classes who come under the influence of the City Colony, the Land and Industrial Colony, and the Women's Work.

The General's review, which was a masterly exposition of the need and results of the scheme, was delivered in his happiest vein.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sunday Campaign.**Afternoon.**

Crowds had gathered at every door of the International Congress Hall, and half an hour afterwards the building was filled.

It was no ordinary crowd that had gathered to hear the General. The body of the hall had fewer Salvationists, while their places were taken by dwellers "without the gate," who have few opportunities to attend Salvation Army gatherings.

Strangers to the city—from the "Cecil" and the "Savoy"—were there in abundance. Continentals and Americans were plentiful, the picture had took the place of the picturesque bonnet, and there were more "toppers" than you could shake a stick at.

The East and the West had gathered together, the Borough coster and the City magistrate sat side by side, and altogether the audience was as intelligent as has ever faced the General in the great metropolis.

In spite of the fact that every available suburban theatre and public hall was in full blast, the platform was cosmopolitan in its composition. Swedes, Hollanders, Indians, Australians, Canadians, Americans, Italians, and representatives of the International Headquarters.

The General's voice was surprisingly clear and strong, and though in his opening remarks he suggested that time would only permit him to rush at his theme, his audience listened as 'twere the last time they should hear him speak, while his address was masterly, powerful, convincing.

Hardly had the last words left his lips when a man pushed out from the crowd, the second placed his tall hat and umbrella carefully on the seat and knelt, the third and fourth were men, the fifth a fashionably-dressed lady, and the sixth a volunteer. A Continental Salvationist, with a slash of big yellow cord across her shoulders, brought out andward by the side of a gay Continental.

Colonel Lawley and Commissioner McKie alternately directed the prayer meeting, during one interval of which we had a study of hands. The audience lifted toward Heaven smooth hands, wrinkled hands, white hands, brown hands, pure clean hands, stained sinful hands, toil-worn hands, money-making hands, hands of fathers and mothers and children, many of the owners of which were afterwards found at the penitent-form.

There were twenty-one surrenders, among whom were a man from the Rocky Mountains, another from Germany, and a woman ex-candidate for officership from Holland.

♦ ♦ ♦

Sunday Evening.

The huge International Temple filled as with a flood! The crowds had been banking up all round the building practically from the afternoon, and the throwing open of the entrances was like the lifting of the sluices—the vast was irresistible and unparalleled.

Something like a thrill ran the grand distance from platform to reserved seat, and spanned the immense width from wall to wall, as, erect and vigorous, the noble, white-haired figure of our leader stood forward, panting for the battle.

It was ten minutes past eight when the General closed his impassioned appeal to those five thousand souls.

Colonel Lawley called for immediate de-

cisions, and ere the first chorus rang through the hall five had responded. They included a mother who brought her little lad.

Commissioner McKie took hold for a while, and the procession to the mercy-seat continued steadily.

Now it included a German and his wife, and another German. Now an old lady whose hair the years had whitened, and now two little lads. They were followed by an ex-officer; by an engineer who had been all round the world to find the Pearl of greatest price; by a newspaper reporter, and by a prodigal son—a subject of many prayers. And so the number mounted to 140, and the shouts of "Praise God I'm saved!" died away down the Strand.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Exeter Hall Meetings.**Monday.****India and Japan.**

To-night India and Japan were represented on Exeter Hall platform before an audience of 1,500. The Rink Band supplied the music. Commissioner Higgins presided. Mrs. Booth occupied a seat on the platform. A converted dancer in mysterious garb testified to the converting power of the Holy Spirit. The boys from one of the Industrial Schools sang, and one spoke of his rescue from famine, his conversion, and his pleasure at being in England. Japanese and Indians spoke of thrilling conversions, and the progress of the Army and its prospects.

♦ ♦ ♦

Wednesday.**Scandinavia and Switzerland.**

The surging throng that stormed Exeter Hall on Wednesday evening was transported by means of sweet music and song and quaint talk, both short and pithy, to the mountains and valleys of Scandinavia and Switzerland. It was a long meeting, but all too short.

Colonel Ogrim introduced two Finnish officers. Capt. Lind testified in Finnish. The Norwegian Songsters also sang of salvation to one of their heart-moving airs.

Commissioner Ridsdel called for a tune from the Norwegian Staff Band, under Major Ostby.

The Norwegian Men's Choir sang their way into the hearts of the crowd.

Colonel Richards was unable to be present. Brigadier Howard, therefore, took his place in introducing the Danes. Their string band, brightly attired in sailor costumes in red and white, their singing full of life and swing.

Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg was received with cheering loud and long. "We have in Switzerland," she said, "a glorious band of proper blood-and-fire soldiers."

Commissioner McAlonan introduced the Swedish String Band. They were followed by Staff-Capt. Dahlberg, who spoke slowly in very rugged English.

Brigadier Toft and four smart-looking Swedes then came forward. Toft began at once to play "Rock of Ages" on his muted cornet, while the men with their musical glasses introduced the sweetest accompaniment imaginable. We would fain have had more of it, but the Swedish Staff Band, under Major Olof Nilson, were on their feet. They played, in their own special manner, what is now well known in this country as the Swedish March, and the meeting was closed with so much done—not nearly all recorded here—and yet so much left undone.

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Thursday.**Women's Social Work.**

While Army tunes thundered or whispered from the organ (under the skilful management of Capt. Soper), Exeter Hall was rapidly and completely filled. On the platform were grouped Women's Social Officers from abroad—Australasia, India, Canada, Africa, Sweden and Norway, Finland, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Switzerland, France, Belgium, Italy—all had delegates. Music was provided by the Hoxton Brass Band.

The meeting was, in the highest and most fitting sense, a glorious success.

THE WAR CRY.

During Mrs. Booth's heart-moving reference to the agony of mind and heart caused by seeing needs and being unable to meet them for lack of funds, a lady quietly beckoned an officer and gave him \$250 to hand to this eloquent champion of our fallen sisters.

After a sweet solo from Finnish lassie officer, Mrs. Colonel Higgins told of the rapidly progressing Rescue Work in the United States.

Mrs. Brigadier Fisher expressed her great joy—common to all the delegates from abroad—at realizing the long-felt desire to hear and see Mrs. Bramwell Booth. She, like the rest, had come to learn how better to do this blessed work. Mrs. Fisher told how the Australian governments transfer to the Army juvenile criminals and neglected children giving our officers a free hand in their management and training, while \$50,000 is received yearly in capitation fees and government grants towards the Social Work for men and women.

Brigadier Liljegren, the leader of Women's Social Work (including both Rescue and Slum) in Sweden, next told her story. She was translated by an English sister-comrade.

The Yankee Choir sang one of their crisp and characteristic part songs. Every word was clear, and their swinging harmonies will long linger pleasantly in our memories.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant, of Germany, rose at 9:35 (when most Exeter Hall meetings are finishing) and held the willing crowd for several minutes as she told of the Slum and Rescue Work in her adopted land.

Commissioner (and not Mrs.) Cosandey was called upon by Mrs. Booth, so that no one might think the women were having things all to themselves.

The great crowd reluctantly dispersed.

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Friday.

The Germans.

It seemed appropriate that Exeter Hall should have been chosen for the great German demonstration, for Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant was, twenty-four years ago, converted there, and Lieut.-Colonel Rauch, from the West Indies, referred to the fact that eleven years ago he was sent from that very platform to Germany. The meeting was of a most enthusiastic nature. Commissioner Railton and Staff-Capt. Bessmeyer prayed.

Commissioner Oliphant's address was full of interest and information. Capt. Buhler, in a very picturesque costume, sang in her native tongue, and Adj't. Dietrich gave a rousing testimony. The German singers gave several beautiful selections.

Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant's closing address reminded the audience of God's claims upon us, and the foolishness of wasting our lives on pleasure. When the invitation was given the first to volunteer was a young German, who was followed by four others.

MEMORIAL SERVICE AT LISGAR ST.

Splendid memorial service for our late J.S. Treasurer, Mrs. Lillie, was conducted by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin on Sunday night in the Lisgar Street barracks, which was packed.

The soldiers and bandsmen marched slowly from the open-air stand to the barracks, causing the spectators to enquire the meaning of the slow marching, and bringing many to the hall.

The inside meeting was a glorious time, and although the heat was intense, few people left the hall until the close of the meeting.

Brother Lillie spoke of the life of his departed wife, and testified that her influence and example would help to make him a better soldier, and teach him many valuable lessons.

Before the Colonel spoke, five sisters (four of whom were pall-bearers) sang "Only Remembered." The words of the Colonel were inspired and backed home by the Holy Ghost. He spoke very feelingly of the life and death of our late comrade. Many were moved to tears, and when the invitation to the mercy-seat was given seven came out, among them being the daughter of our promoted comrade

—Sims.

WAR CRY

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Editorial.

THE CONGRESS.

Each succeeding British mail has brought us detailed accounts of what, to all intents and purposes, has been the greatest epoch in the Army's career.

The Congress is now a matter of history, but it has demonstrated to the world that the Army is one of the most important factors in the regenerating and reclaiming of mankind.

The London Times describes the International Congress as "a remarkable gathering, the outward and visible sign of a movement which has not spent its force." This declaration, coming as it does from a journal of such recognized standard, should carry the utmost weight.

We thank God for all the achievements of the past, and doubt not that the future will, by His grace, hold in store for us even greater results than those which have hitherto attended our efforts.

KING EDWARD'S GRACIOUS REPLY.

The Staff Council of the Salvation Army in London sent a message to King Edward VII, thanking His Majesty for his welcome to the International Congress, and expressing their gratitude to God for His Majesty's efforts in the cause of international peace. The King, through Lord Francis Knollys, his private secretary, sent his thanks, and with characteristic modesty, rejoices to think that his efforts

to promote international peace and good-will have not been entirely without effect.

Continuing his kindly message, His Majesty trusts that the good work the Salvation Army has already achieved by its faith and energy may be constantly increased.

His Majesty has of late shown exceeding kind interest in our work, and we are pleased indeed to know that we have the full approval of our sovereign of our work, and we heartily endorse the Staff Council's messages, and can assure the king that all our efforts and endeavors work jointly to that one end—the prevalence of international peace and good-will—and we can also with confidence proclaim, not only to His Majesty, but to all the world, that our faith and energy will not abate one jot, but will increase and multiply considerably.

International Items.

From Clarens, Switzerland, on the 14th inst., comes news of the death, from pneumonia and supervening heart weakness, of Paul Kruger, former President of the Transvaal Republic.

A large fire broke out in the premises of the Motor-Car Construction Company at Aix-la-Chapelle, and almost completely destroyed the building.

The municipality of Troppau, in Austrian-Silesia, has followed the example of the Bohemian and Moravian capitals in making the trailing of ladies' dresses in the public parks punishable with a fine.

Under date of July 12 comes the news that the steamer Nemesis, with all hands on board, numbering thirty-one souls, has been lost in a gale on the coast of New South Wales. The chief officer and engineer were survivors of the steamer Elingamite, which was wrecked in November, 1902, while bound from Sydney for Auckland.

Max Solomon, a young English carpenter, got his hand crushed in a planing machine in Toronto on Wednesday, and on removal to St. Michael's hospital, Dr. McKeown amputated three fingers, his patient refusing chloroform, and watching the operation with interest.

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

and the

Canadian Contingent at the Congress Hall.

The Field Commissioner, with the Canadian and Swiss Contingents, had a magnificent week-end at the Clapton Congress Hall.

The huge structure was packed on Saturday night and three times on Sunday.

The Field Commissioner was wonderfully helped and inspired.

Sunday morning the meeting was Spirit-sealed. Miss Booth's forceful preaching pointed out clearly the way of deliverance, and thirty souls, without reserve, gave themselves to God and the war at the penitentiform. A glorious march preceded the afternoon meeting. Numerous banners, four brass bands, and kaleidoscopic colors of the costumes of Canada and Switzerland made a dazzling display.

Inside, the meeting was an old-time free and easy, with variety of music, song and testimony, closing with a stirring appeal to sinners.

At night the hall was gorged. Shortly after six o'clock thousands were turned away. The Bermuda bandsmen and some officers conducted an overflow meeting on Hackney Downs, where the L. C. C. had kindly given

us permission to use the bandstand for this purpose. Thousands listened attentively for over two hours.

At the Congress Hall, the Field Commissioner, with earnestness and eloquence, preached to the vast audience, which sat fascinated throughout.

Never has Miss Booth spoken with greater force and lucidity. Her God-given sentences riveted every heart and mind, gripped guilty consciences, and forced conviction into unprepared hearts. The thoughtless, worldly-minded saw the emptiness of their pleasures.

The prayer meeting was well fought and crowned with success; nearly one hundred souls was the day's harvest.

The meetings were exceptional in every sense, and the actual results beyond computation of time.

Heart-touching scenes were witnessed at the mercy-seat. Deep regret that a sprained foot prevented Commissioner Mrs. Booth-Hellberg from being present as announced. People gave generously to the collection. To God be all the glory.

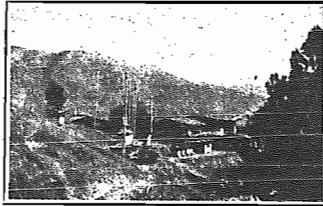
Bruno Friedrich, Lieut.-Colonel,



THE FORBIDDEN LAND.

(Concluded.)

The great lamasery, or monastery, of Kumbum, which is situated on the extreme North-Western China-Tibetan frontier, is famed among the devotees of Buddha as one of the holiest spots on Asiatic soil, second only to that of Lhassa. Around the "Golden Temple" are small shrines, with a row of prayer-wheels, about three feet apart. They are small cylinders containing rolls of printed prayers. To turn these prayer-wheels is, according to the Buddhist idea, to accumulate merit, and they are scarcely ever still, for everyone in passing gives them a spin.



A Village on the Road to "The Forbidden City."

Only once a year, on the first day of the third moon, are women allowed to enter the temple. In the museum belonging to the temple is a carved image of Buddha carefully preserved in a glass case. It is said that hair began to grow on his ruddy head as soon as the image was completed.

It is perhaps at what are known as "nocturnal devotions" that the prayer-wheel is most in evidence. At night-fall the people are summoned to the house-top by loud blasts on a horn. The women and children from Lusar carry bundles of fragrant wood, which is burnt in a small fire-place on the roof made for the purpose. As the smoke of the scented wood goes up, so unintelligible words are chanted, while on the roof of each house someone does duty at the prayer-wheel, much as they might preside at a piano or organ. The man at the wheel sits cross-legged on the roof turning the wheel at its utmost speed, because the greater the speed the greater the merit.

Thousands of red paper lamps illuminate the scene, and for long hours the night is made hideous by the beating of gongs and cymbals and the ringing of bells. Unlike the Chinese, the Tibetans participate in these devotions with great solemnity and fervor. With the veil removed from their eyes and the love of Christ in their hearts they would make good Salvationists, their devotion is so untrifling.

The South Koko—or Tibetans—are said to be jovial and fond of music, though the only instruments they possess are the drum and cymbals. Their needs are few, and one or two garments apiece, a matchlock, sword, flint and steel, a wooden basin, knife and chopsticks, suffice to content them. Each family has a tent, some horses, cows, and sheep, many or few according to the number of robberies practised upon them by marauding tribes. Their tents are black, and everything about them is as dirty as dirt can make it.

Hospitality with them takes the form of some rugs near a furnace made of rude mud and stones, a handful of churma (dried curds of buttermilk) put into a bowl with some barley meal, tea being poured on the top and a piece of butter added.

While the men go to the hills, always well armed, to guard their flocks and herds, the women remain at home making butter and cheese and collecting argots (manure), which they dry for fuel. Without scruple, says Dr. Rijnhart, these women will pass from the manipulation of argots to the mixing of butter, the milking of cows, or the making of tea. The liberality of these people for religious purposes is proverbial, but they are niggardly in every other direction.

On the caravan roads the cold in winter is very severe, and the women and children suffer terribly. As yet they do not seem to have discovered how to convert to their own use any of the beautiful wool which they export in large quantities.

The severity of their winters is supposed to be in a large measure responsible for the smallness of their families. The Tibetan children are not able to withstand the severity of the weather.

The only city in the world which is absolutely closed to Westerners is Lhassa, the capital of Tibet. The ambition to set foot within its walls has given rise to one expedition after another during the last century, but always with the same result. They have been turned back from the forbidden city, or have turned back on account of the hardships to be endured whilst crossing the passes that lead through the natural barriers enclosing the country on the south-west.

Traveling in Tibet is rendered dangerous by the large amount of brigandage practised in certain districts, and the willingness with which these robbers put to death "foreign devils," wherever it is worth while to do so.

"To the present day," says Dr. Rijnhart, "from ten thousand tongues amid the flutter of prayer-flags and the clink of prayer-cylinders is heard the mystic invocation of Buddha, but there is no Christian altar. The devotees still flock to worship the sacred tree and the great Butter God, and amid all the host there is not one witness for Christ."

"SET THINE HOUSE IN ORDER."

In the second book of Kings, chapter twenty, start to read, There you'll learn of Hezekiah, who was very sick indeed, And how God sent good Isaiah with this message he should give: "Set thine house in order quickly, thou shalt die and cease to live."

When this message was delivered, Hezekiah wept and prayed, Asking God that He would spare him, and that death should be delayed.

God did answer his petition, fifteen years allowed him more, And did heal him of his sickness, gave him vigor as before.

Now the lesson we would gather from this narrative to-day, Is that death is fast approaching, soon we all must pass away.

God does send this solemn warning: "Set thine house in order now. Death is sure to overtake thee, and thou know'st not when nor how."

God is speaking to us daily, calling, warning everyone;

Bidding us accept salvation through His well-beloved Son.

Are we ready now to meet Him? do we know that all is well?

Do we know our sins are pardoned, and His Spirit in us dwell?

Sinner, "Set thine house in order," it is God who speaks to you;

He has purchased your salvation, but there's something you must do:

You must leave the ways of evil, must repent of all your sin, Must believe what He has promised—pardon, peace and joy within.

Do not think because you're healthy, young, and full of life to-day,

That you need not seek salvation, and at once commence to pray.

Youth and health may be your portion, but the young do often die;

Long before old age overtakes you, you may bid this earth good-bye.

Therefore, "Set thine house in order," make provision for your soul,

That will live in bliss or anguish, while the endless ages roll.

Do not put the matter from you. God is calling you to-day;

O, accept His free salvation, O, repent while yet you may.

Then when God has spoken pardon, and you know that all is well, Go and seek the lost around you, who are drifting down to hell.

Tell them how you found the Saviour, what He truly did for you,

And invite them in all meekness to accept the Saviour too.

Ask the Saviour now to help you, He will set your heart aright,

And will give you strength to labor—in the cause of God to fight;

Don't forget that those who labor shall receive a rich reward,

And shall shine as stars forever in the kingdom of their Lord. —P. N. Esau.

PITHY PARS.

George Frederick Watts is the only English painter who can boast of having been an exhibitor at the Royal Academy for sixty-seven years. Two portraits which he sent there in 1837 were shown again in the gallery recently.

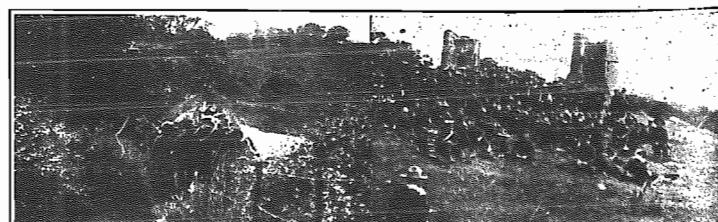
The Crown Princess of Denmark is the richest and tallest woman of her rank in Europe. She inherited nearly \$15,000,000 from her maternal grandmother, as well as the bulk of her father's fortune. She is six feet tall.

Don Carlos, who would like to see himself on the throne of Spain, has spent a fortune on curios. His most interesting collection comprises reliefs of the various battles with which he has been identified, including a unique set of pictures depicting the engagements in which he has fought.

Some nayvies, when repairing the Granville Road, near Blackheath, Staffordshire, found, within eighteen inches of the surface of the road, a coal seam four or five inches in thickness.

A plaintiff in the City of London Court, who spoke with a strong German accent, explained that he was a Scotchman, and although he was born and educated in France he was still a British subject.

It is an attractive custom in China to invite a departing magistrate whose rule has been popular to leave a pair of old boots for suspension in a prominent place as a hint to his successor to follow in his footsteps.



Canadian-Party Crossing a Pretty Bridge at Hadleigh Farm, Colony. Canadians at Hadleigh, in Front of the Ruins of the Famous Castle.

A Fourth of July Incident.

THEY HAVE A MISSION IN LIFE.

It was on the evening of the 4th of July. At the corner of Main and Galena Streets a drum was beating loudly. A tambourine competed with the drum's dull booming.

A crowd gathered around the Salvation Army workers.

There were bare-headed women from the bad-lands, mendicants and wanderers, men drunk and men sober, people well-fed, others who looked hungry, indifferent to their surroundings, attracted by the motley uniformed group.

The crude music stopped, and a young girl in her teens stepped into the circle.

Seemingly she was frightened, for she appeared weak and embarrassed.

Gradually her pale face grew animated, and she recovered her faltering voice. She told her story something like this:

"I am trying to be good now, although I've been very bad. I asked God to save me. He did save me. He will save you, also, if you ask Him."

With all her deep, earnest soul, in broken English, she poured forth a prayer for the poor wretches around her. As she prayed she bent her head farther and farther back until her eyes were fixed on the azure of heaven. With perfect faith, she, the reclaimed one, saw the God whose work she was doing in the muddy streets and within the confines of Hell's half-acre.

She believed what she said. She would have said more, but tears ran over her heavenward-directed eyes, and she ceased speaking with the prayer: "May God do for you what He has done for me."

The question is often asked: "What good do the Salvationists do?"

During the time the young girl referred to was speaking, a man, who probably has seen three score years, interrupted her with ribald jest and obscenity, begotten through too close association with the flowing bowl. His interruptions were not heeded. Soon he ceased cursing and listened. In a short time he displayed evident uneasiness, then a slight moisture appeared in his eyes. Turning to his companion, after the reclaimed one had ceased praying, he said: "Guess I'll go home and see the old woman, Joe."

Yet there are people who say that the prayers of the Salvationists are unavailing.

That young girl's prayer carried gladness and sunshine to one home, at least, on the Fourth. Let us hope it will have a more permanent effect.

It is the thin, white-faced girl, the reclaimed one, who defies the world and its comments, who prays, sings, and preaches in the dirty streets, that strikes the key-note to the sympathies of the worst type of God's creatures.

The thin, white-faced lassie, God bless her, in her line of duty, touches the heart of a half-drunk man. Turning from the saloon door he goes to his home, and takes to his wife and children as much of his wages as is left. While repentant, he forms good resolutions. On bended knee the wife and babes pour forth a heartfelt prayer for the Salvation Army lassie.

Let not atheist or theological expert decry such prayers or tears, for God loves the lowly and meek of spirit.

The Talmages and men of superior minds, with their mighty intellects, give to mankind their interpretation of things divine, yet they, with all their eloquence cannot reach the mendicants, the Mary Magdalenes, like the poor girl with limited mental force who, in the darkness and wet, says to those whom she alone can reach: "God saved me; He will save you if you ask Him."—The Butte Tribune-Review.

"In the Gloryland."

For the third time in ten weeks the bandsmen and soldiers of the Lisgar St. corps have marched to the strains of solemn music and muffled drum to the Mount Pleasant Cemetery.

On Monday July 10th the remains of Mrs. Lillie, the late J.S. Treasurer of the Lisgar St. corps were laid to rest by Lieut.-Colonel Gaskin.

Mrs. Lillie was converted to God over twenty-one years ago, and was a faithful soldier from that time until her promotion to heaven. Never very strong, yet with a zest and ambition for God's Kingdom, she worked hard for the Salvation Army in the interest of sinners, and was regularly at her post in the local corps.

As Visiting Sergeant, for years she faithfully performed her duties, and many converts and soldiers were made glad and encouraged by her frequent visits. One day when Staff-Capt. Scarr was laid aside through illness, Mrs. Lillie, and accompanied by others, went to see him, leaving preyed so earnestly that the Staff-Captain has never forgotten the effect.

Three years ago the writer appointed her to be the Treasurer for the J.S. corps at Lisgar Street, which office she held until she breathed her last. Her work was always well done, and her labors on behalf of the children of the Sunday School were commendable.

During the Self-Dental Week a short time ago, our comrade, although not feeling very strong, travelled and canvassed many hours in order to raise the amount of money given her as a target, and rejoiced greatly when, after much toll, was able to hand in a magnificient increase on her target sum.

On Saturday evening Mrs. Lillie took to her bed and a doctor was called in. On the following Tuesday a specialist visited her and pronounced her dangerously ill, and on the following Friday, at 1.30 p.m., her soul took its flight to the Gloryland.

Bro. Lillie and friends did all that love and money could do to keep her on earth, but God wanted her, and now on the streets of gold she waves the victory banner.

At 2 p.m. on Monday, the soldiers and friends met at the barracks, where Colonel Gaskin conducted the funeral service. The band was packed, many people having to stand all through the service. Whilst the band played the procession entered the barracks—six girls in white, each carrying a spray of roses and carnations, advanced, followed by the casket, borne by six sisters wearing white sashes, and the chief mourners.

In Memory of Stephen Badcock, of Bay Roberts. Once more the cold, pale hand of death Has laid its victim low.

But it shall not victorious stand, Since Christ hath triumphed so. Our brother here did suffer long, Consumption raged within, But he's gone to join the heavenly throng, Where there's no more grief or sin.

Our brother we shall see again, In spotless robe arrayed, Waving a path of righteousness.

That shall never, never fade, With the thousands who have washed their robes In the blood of Calvary's Lamb, We'll sing, "Dominion, praise, and power, Be to the great I AM."

Composed by William F. Barrett.

LIPPINCOTT BAND VISITS YORKVILLE.

Yorkville.—On Monday night the Lippincott Band paid this corps a visit, and, assisted by some other bands, gave a musical festival, which was much enjoyed. The band played to the magnificient sum of over \$20, notwithstanding it was a wet evening. The following was the program: Opening, S.B. 273, N.B. 265, Congregation, and Band; prayer, solo, "There they are again," Happy Jack's selection, "Comrades, arouse to the call," B.M. 418, Band solo, "Carried by the angels," Lippincott's "Song of Love," Goss' "Troubled," S.M. J. E. Wicksey, duet, "In the secret of His presence," Corps-Cadets Wicksey and Freeman's selection, "Swedish march," Band; violin solo, selected, Capt. John Leggott; solo, "My Father, God, is at the helm," Deputy-Bandmaster Pattenend; selection, "Queen Esther's petition," Corps-Cadet Wicksey, Kalmazoo Band; selection, "Vesper hymn march," B.J. 459, Band; recitation, "In the bugle coach ahead," Capt. J. Leggott; quartet, "Forget the old folks," Old Folks' Quartet; selection, "Harps and bells," B.J. 456, Band; recitation, "The Dutchman's wedding experience," Captain Leggott; solo, "We are the Army" (Hluwatha), Band-Sergt. Churchill's selection, "Abide with me," Band.

Adj't. S. D. Lamb, chairman in an efficient manner, Capt. Jones and Lieut. Porter say "Come again."—Jay Aye Aitch.

G. B. M. NOTES.

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

After leaving Soo, Ont., I had traveled over a hundred miles before I arrived at Sudbury. We had a glorious week-end here. Here it was that a backslider returned to God. Capt. Ottie in Lindsay, Ont., is doing good work. They reached their S.D. mark and went over it, besides making alterations in the barracks. Lieut. Porter assisted us in the meetings. Our box-money was small this quarter, but we are believing to see it rise under the able care of Agent Nehemiah Hargraves.

Sturgeon Bay was my next stop. I spent one night there and had a good time. Agent Mrs. Andrews is our worthy box-collector.

"North Bay!" the conductor came out at six in the morning. I was just in time to see Major Lambitt and his party going to England. Adjt. Adair was quite surprised when he opened his eyes and saw me looking at him. He wondered how I got there. I informed him that I was the G.B.M. man for the C.O.P., and that I was stopping off at North Bay for a couple of days. We had two good meetings here. Bishop Downey and Sergt. Matheson helped us out with their guitars and violins. Sister Lougheed, our Agent, collected a nice sum of money for the Social Work.

Sunderidge was my next appointment. I was met by Capt. Lamb, who informed me we would have a good time. A nice crowd turned out to our meeting. Bro. Fred Gray has done very well with his box-money this quarter.

Huntsville is the place between the hills, the very pretty, indeed. The soldiers were going to camp, and this somewhat prevented us from having a big crowd. Lieut. Luggier was holding the fort. Mrs. Forbes, our Agent, was pleased to hand me some money for the good work which is being done by the Army.

I must not forget my visit to Parry Sound. I spent a week-end here. The crowds and collections were up on this Sunday, and we had a fine time. Ensign Clegg and Capt. McBratigan are getting along well. I put in a new Agent, Sergt. Woolridge, better known as ex-Capt. Woolridge.

I met Staff-Capt. McAmmond at Bracebridge, and he informed me that they were having a big time in town, and that the Highlanders' Band, from the Queen City, were coming. We had a very nice time at the barracks. Although the crowd was small we turned up the collection. Agent Mrs. Garbett collected the most money that we have ever collected in Bracebridge for the G.J.M. work for some time.

Gravenhurst is the place where all the tourists are. This is a very pretty place at this time of the year. We had a rousing open-air meeting and "Nine years on the battlefield," was enjoyed by all. Captain Hudgings and Lieut. Pascoe are doing well at this corps.

I went on to Midland and spent a week-end here. Adj. Scott, although alone, was doing a great work. The mid-week service, Capt. Clegg and Mrs. Wadge (who were on furlough), They rendered good service both afternoon and night. The barracks was well filled at night, and we had the joy of seeing two souls coming to Christ. Praise the dear Lord.—Ensign Bloss.

A young man should make it a cardinal principle of his life to act and be what he is, and not pretend to be somebody else, whom he knows very well he is not.



The Late Mrs. Lillie,
J. S. Treasurer, Lisgar Street Corps.

FROM THE FIGHTING LINE.

Central Ontario.

GREAT TIMES AT LIPPINCOTT.

Ensign Howell, accompanied by Staff Officers who are soldiers at this corps, went to the Congress, leaving us seemingly emptied of our talent, but our apparent weakness was made manifest strength in the power of our God, exemplifying the force of the assertion, "It's not my might nor by power, but by My Spirit," saith the Lord." The Spirit has been accomplishing that whereto it was sent, for sinners have been seen at the church every night. Last Friday night three souls were redeemed by the application of the Universal Cleanser, and there is no other remedy for sin and eradicator of its stains.

On Sunday morning Mrs. Howell's address was based on the fruits of the Spirit. So earnestly did she appeal to her hearers and so forcefully were her heart-thrusts with the sword that out of the two souls that were found at the mercy seat—one for cleansing from sin, and one for sanctification. In this meeting the testimonies of a crowd of new converts were a source of inspiration and cheer to those older in the fight. In the afternoon we found the same large crowd waiting in the park for the program of music given by the band. There was the open-air meeting, as on former occasions, and one attracted the red-hot shots of Gospel truth, and accounts of its effect on the hearts and lives of those who regulate their actions according to its directions, were poured into them. So far from driving them away, the story of the cross held the attention of the large crowd right to the close of the long meeting. At night we had a meeting and much interest and great interest, even though it was sufficing hot. Sister Norton, who acted as Mrs. Howell's Lieutenant, made much of the urgency of the immediate acceptance of salvation. Several comrades also sang and testified, and Mrs. Howell having read from God's Word and exhorted her hearers to repentance, we went into the prayer meeting, and before the close of our meeting we cried God for pardon. After pronouncing the benediction and while we were preparing to repair to our respective homes, a young woman, who had held out throughout the meeting, made her way to the mercy seat to have her tears of sorrow and re-pentance for sin changed to tears of joy at the realization of sins forgiven and peace with her God. She was followed by still another.

We were invited at Lippincott to more doughy "deals of herring do." Eleven souls and \$20 for the week-end show up well, and we believe these to be but the droppings—the showers are to follow.—Jay Aye Aitch.

An International Meeting.

Michigan Soo.—We have very much enjoyed the recent visit of Lieut. Chislett and Treasurer Thompson of Sudbury, and also Sergeant-Major Lougheed of North Bay. On the 1st of July we united with our comrades on the Canadian side for their special meetings. The open-air meetings in the afternoon were times of much blessing. At night Capt. Bond had arranged an International meeting, which was a great success. The comrades who dressed to represent the different countries where our Army flag is now flying, and a number of short addresses were given. Everyone pronounced the meeting splendid. The officers, soldiers, and bandmen from the Canadian side returned the visit on the 4th of July, and the Salvation Army was well to the front in celebrating this great American holiday. Huge crowds attended our open-air meetings, and the afternoon meetings. Impression was made upon the hearts of these people which shall be the means of leading many to God. In spite of the many other attractions, our musical meeting at night was also well attended. Our income for the day was over \$25. Praise the Lord! Two souls during the past week have sought and found salvation.—Edith Meader, D.O.

Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Gaskin at Lissar St.

On Sunday, July 10th, Lissar St. was chosen by the Colonel and his wife as their battleground. The day of victory for the Lord was started early and well for the holiness meeting in the morning was a spiritual blessing and a great meeting. The converts had been born again and turned to a Saviour who never turns a seeking soul away. In the evening God's power was manifested to a remarkable degree. The fervent words of eloquence from the speakers, and the earnest prayers of the soldiers availed much, and another soul sought and found pardon.—Sillas A.

Memorial Service.

Dovercourt.—A memorial service for the late Mrs. Moore was conducted by Capt. Jordan and Lieut. Plummer. Many spoke of her godly life, and her influence for good on lives, although she is dead. Her husband was divinely upheld as he told of her triumphant death. God will comfort him and his two infant children. The work here is going well.

The Sunday afternoon meetings at Dufferin Park are well attended, and the band, although young and small, renders good service. One soul sought pardon last night. We are sorry that Lieut. Plummer is compelled to go on furlough. He is much loved here for his work's sake.—Capt. and Mrs. Salsbury, supplying.

Ensign Bloss and Boy Violinist at the Temple.

Ensign Bloss, the G.B.M. Agent visited the Temple corps, with Willie Goodale, his accomplished companion. The Ensign's lecture on "Nine years warfare" was of great interest, and a full audience of vice. The boy violinist charmed his hearers with the selections he played, and the Scotch element of the corps was almost frantically enthusiastic.

Nothing But Victory.

Training Home Corps—Nothing but victory in the T. H. Corps. During the last three weeks twenty-two souls have knelt at the penitent form—seventeen for salvation and five for sanctification. On Thursday, June 29th, we enrolled four recruits, and on Friday, we expect to have another one, shortly, for flag, and expect to have another one shortly, for flag, and those who are able to be present for the occasion, and others who are getting ready, will be enrolled as soon as possible. Sunday was a glorious day, commencing with knee-drill the soldiers fought hard all day. In the evening Capt. Haggarty took for his subject, "A gang of robbers exposed." We were listened to with rapt attention, and at the close we are glad to report four souls saved for salvation. Virtually, at least, twenty soldiers on the roll, four more are waiting for their transfers to come, and five recruits are waiting to be enrolled. Our hall is too small for the Sunday night meetings; quite a number have had to be turned away. We started the junior work a few weeks ago, and it is doing well. Truly God is with us, blessing us both spiritually and financially.—Yours in the fight, The Saved Irishman, Lieut. Mattier.

East Ontario and Quebec.

Still Fighting.

Newport.—Although not heard from very often, we are still fighting the devil. Self-Denial largely was smashed and some over. We had a Sunday 3 fruit social, which was a great success, for a tenor solo. We have had a visit from our D. O., Adj't. Orchard, which was very much enjoyed. The last night he was here two new soldiers were enrolled, also a commissioning of new local officers. The devil is raging, but God is on our side. Praise His name.—Sergt.-Major Burbank.

Souls for the Master.

Montreal IV.—Sunday's meetings proved to be a great blessing. Officers and soldiers pleaded earnestly for souls. The Holy Spirit gripped the minds and hearts of the people. Conviction stamped itself upon the faces of those present. God will not honor His own word, and our labors were not in vain, many souls at the close of the evening's service expressing their desire to be converted and live better lives. Week-night meetings are crowned with victory. Soldiers rally to the open-air. New converts take their stand for God and the Army. Crowds increase, and, more than all, souls come forward and are converted. Hallelujah! Among the number converted was one who, while he loved God, once fought for Him, once wore the Army uniform. We're in a band that shall conquer the foe by God's grace, and we are looking forward to greater victories during the summer campaign.—Silvis.

Believing for Souls.

Belleville.—We are still marching on to war. Capt. Lang and Lieut. Osmond are holding the fort here at present. May God bless them. Saturday night and Sunday we had a visit from two of the band boys—Bro. Daffo and Bro. John of Peterboro. We received their visit very much, and gave them a hearty welcome, and say "Come again." Sunday's meetings were a time of blessing. Many were convicted of sin. We are believing for souls in the future.—Mitche.

Advancing Steadily.

Ottawa.—The work is steadily advancing under the supervision of Mrs. Thompson, everything working to the best advantage in the extension of God's Kingdom. We have had many special visitors during the past week. Staff-Capt. Miles was with us on Tuesday evening and conducted the meeting, and the military camp at Rockwood brought in our midst many Salvationists from different corps. The Rev. Owner of Cornwall; Capt. Buckland, of Peterboro, came on Saturday evening. Staff-Capt. McAmmond, an old Ottawa comrade, was enthusiastically welcomed to the home corps again. Sister Maud Dine, of Kingston was with us the same evening, and with Lieut. Nelson is rendering good service with music and song. Prof. Clark, an old army friend, on Sunday evening delivered a touching salvation address on "The Kingdom." Monday evening was a special service, Ensign Gammonade, of Kemptonville, being present. It was a musical one, closing with a social, at which everyone had a delightful time. We recorded as a result of our labors during these meetings, five souls in the fountain.—See. French.

District Councils.

Barre, Vt.—Last week the District Officers came into Barre for councils. The special subjects which had been arranged for the officers to speak on were handled in a masterly way. They had a glorious time indeed. The Lord blessed our souls, and we are more indeed ever determined to be true to God until death. Although we did not see much visible results of these special meetings, we feel sure good was done. Capt. Cook and Lieut. Nelson are doing well at Newport. Souls have been saved and several have been enrolled. See. Mrs. Burbank has been commissioned.—Bro. Major, Mrs. Lester, Sister French, and Lieut. Morris are doing well. Capt. Liddell and Lieut. Thomas are charming the people at St. Johnsbury with their sweet music and singing. Several soldiers have been enrolled here recently, and they have increased the Crys 50 per week. Capt. O'Neill and Lieut. Morris are booming things at Burlington. They are doing well. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"

Brother Buckland, Mrs. Orchard, and myself are keeping nicely saved. We have three Corps-Cadets, and are believing for more—Glory to God in the highest.—Adj't. W. Orchard.

Newfoundland News.

Another Enrollment.

Arnold's Cove.—Since we have been here God has wonderfully blessed our efforts. An old lady sixty years of age was brought to seek salvation while we were visiting her, on Sunday last a brother took his stand under the flag and was enrolled as a soldier, testifying afterwards. We are believing for greater things. To God be all the praise.—Janet Locke, Little.

A Musical Treat.

Clareville.—A musical battle, or, in other parlance a medley of salvation choirs, was held on Thursday night at the Clareville Army. The performance was conducted by Lieut. Whitman and her manipulation of the organ was a surprise, as well as a treat, to Clareville music lovers. She was assisted by Lieut. Summers and Miss Marian Summers, with tambourine and triangle, and the almost continuous performance of over an hour emphasized the fact that the personnel of the organ was combined with endurance. To say that the performance was a success is an understatement. The organ, which only justly merited encouragement for its accuracy, was well rendered. It concluded with a request to our energetic Ensign to take up the collection, which she did with business-like tact. Ensign England does not do things by halves, either as a speaker from the Army platform, or in working among her audiences. She continues in all her undertakings, and she expects her followers to stand by her. Nelson said, "England expects every man to do his duty," and "Ensign England" expects every man, woman, and child in Clareville and out, to do their duty to themselves and their God.—A. C. P.

Five Returned to the Fold.

Ditto.—God is still with us here, and last Sunday we had the joy of seeing five precious souls kneeling at the cross. Just as the meeting was at its height, before the Bible was read, one soul volunteered to the front, and the service was changed to a prayer meeting. My, the shouting and dancing in Newfoundland style! To God be all the glory.—Reporter for Capt. Reader.

Victory in the Summer Months.

Ward's Harbor.—Wednesday night we visited Woodford's Cove, and held a meeting there. We had a good time, with three souls in the Gospel net and many more under conviction. We are in for the victories. In the summer months by the grace of God. Our motto is onward and upward.—Lieut. Zechariah Wiltshire.

Lieut. Wiltshire.

Eastern Province News.

"Silver and Gold Have I None."

North Sydney.—Mrs. Adj't. Cooper and Captain are real blood-and-fire warriors, and through their efforts our barracks keeps well filled from Sunday morning till Saturday night. All day Sunday it was nothing more or less than a tremendously tight squeeze to get inside. They, together with our full-fledged S.-M.'s, preachers, and hallelujah experts, make the meetings pretty hot for men and women, who mostly come to attend. And worse, our nation's motto is closed in a sermon from the Captain herself, taken from the third chapter of the Acts, and 6th verse: "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I unto thee: In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth rise up and walk." Three young women sought pardon through the M.-Treas.

Still Rejoicing.

Londonderry.—Praise God for victory! We are still rejoicing over the fact that souls are being given to God. Since last report six have decided to leave and go to war. Our corps are getting up in spite of the hot weather. Finances are excellent, and we have increased our War Cry order and ordered a supply of All the Worlds. We are looking forward to a visit from the Bermuda Band on the 11th of August, believing for a good time. S.-M.'s are always welcome here.—Ensign Lilly Richards.

Victory Through the Blood.

Houston, Mo.—In spite of the drenching rain that fell on Saturday night, the hall was filled with soldiers and an anxious crowd to see our old friend, Ensign Leadley. His lantern service, "Ten rights in a bar-room," was one long to be remembered. Large crowds stood around the open-air on the 11th, and in the evening the barracks were well filled, much interest being taken in the meeting, and at the close those backsliders returned to the fold.—P. S. M.

Rejoiced Again.

St. John.—St. John revolved again. Great victory in the salvation of 38 precious souls, with Capt. White and Lieut. Hall on the main deck of the ship. They are doing well. "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!"



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; beforehand, and, as far as possible, will work without compensation, but will charge a fee. Addressee, and in the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reward is offered, the amount will be paid to the person who sends the information. A charge of one cent is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, soldiers, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commandant if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4529. PEPPER, WELLINGTON. Age 19 years, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown curly hair, blue eyes; occupation, shirtwaist; printer. Left Saint Ste. Marie or Nipigon, or the Western Coast during the month of July, 1903. Mother anxious.

4530. GREENWOOD, HORATIO. Age 22 years, height 5 ft. 8 in., dark hair and complexion, hazel eyes; occupation, watchmaker. Is supposed to be in the Northwest or British Columbia. Friends anxious.

(Second Insertion.)

4517. MORRIS, MATTHEW, or TREMBLE. Age 44, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark brown hair turning grey, dark blue eyes. Left England for Fernie, B.C., in July, 1903. Any information will be gladly received.

4518. Information wanted of PETER CAMPBELL, who left Glasgow, Scotland, for Canada some five years ago, but has not been heard of since. Mother heart-broken.

4519. BALLANTYNE, ARCHIBALD. Left Scotland for Canada forty years ago. Married; occupation, farmer; if living will be about 80 years of age.

4522. PARRY, EDWARD COLSTON. Age (if still living) about 61 years, height 5 ft. 6 or 7 in., brown hair, full blue eyes, fair complexion, worked in the boot and shoe trade. Friends anxious.

4523. ACTON, RICHARD EDWARD. Age 30 years, height 5 ft. 10 in., brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion, squarely built and strong. Is supposed to be in Manitoba or British Columbia.

4524. WIGMORE, HENRY JAMES. Age about 63; height 5 ft. 4 in., light hair, brown eyes, medium complexion, occupation boot and shoe maker. Has been missing thirty years. Sister most anxious.

4525. ILLES, SAMUEL MORLEY. Age 34, height 5 ft. 6 in., dark hair, grey eyes, medium complexion, English nationality. Is supposed to be in Manitoba.

4526. WOODHURN, ROBERT. Age 23 years, dark hair, eyes, and complexion; occupation, farm hand. Was last heard from in Plumas, Manitoba.

4527. SMITH, WALTER. Age about 58, height 5 ft. 8 or 9 in., scar on the bridge of nose; occupation, stone mason and bricklayer. Formerly lived in Ingersoll, Ont. May be in the Western States.

4512. McDONALD, ANGUS. Age 23 years, medium height, weight 175 lbs., brown hair, large blue eyes, had a small piece taken off first finger. Formerly of Seaford, Ont. Last heard of at Elko, Kootenay, B.C. Friends very anxious. American Cry please copy.

4513. DOWNHAM, JOSEPH. Age 34 years. Last heard from in Roswell, New Mexico. May have moved to the Western States.

4444. FLETCHER, FRANK. Age 53 years last March, rather stout, light brown hair. Last heard of fifteen years ago at Clarenceton Centre, near Ottawa. Mother still living. Stepfather, Mr. Harrison, died in Ottawa.



Damp salt brightens the colors of a carpet wonderfully, if they are faded or soiled.



A strip of carpet glued to a piece of wood will remove mud from boots quickly and without the slightest injury to the leather, and is far better than the usual brush.



Never use soda for washing chin, that has any gilding on it, for the soda will in time surely remove it all. Instead of soda use a little soap, that has no bad effect.



When pouring hot fruit into a glass dish, place the latter on a wet cloth. This prevents any chance of the glass cracking, which would otherwise be very likely to happen.



Boggy knees of ironers can be remedied. Turn wrong side out, wring a cloth out of cold water, lay over the bogs part, and iron until the cloth is quite damp. Take away the top cloth, and iron again until thoroughly dry, and if carefully done the cloth will have shrunk to its right shape again. You can press out almost any amount of superfluous fullness by repeating the process one or twice. After the ironing, fold carefully and press under a heavy weight.



TRAVELLERS' GUIDE.

OFFICERS, soldiers, and others, who have occasion to travel by rail or water, before making arrangements for your trip, or for getting tickets, don't forget that we have facilities for handling all lines of transportation. We act as agents for Steamship Lines, etc. It will be to your advantage to write the Secretary, Transportation Department, S. A. Temple, Toronto, Ont.

"Are You Ready?"

SEE OUR OFFER FOR AUGUST.



THESE WORDS suggest to Salvationists an old-time chorus pertaining to a much more important question than temporal affairs. All the same, personal com-

fort has a good deal to do with our health and the success of our efforts. We may, then, be excused for applying the question as to whether our Officers and Soldiers are properly equipped for the Summer Campaign, in which standing in the open air necessarily plays an important part. As is well known, dark goods attract the heat of the sun, and though the material may be light in weight, it will always be much warmer than a light shade of material. The

Fawn Dress Goods and Fawn Hat

make an ideal Summer Costume. It is very pleasing in appearance, cool-looking and cool-feeling, and is very reasonable in cost.

The out-door costume is made complete by one of our Regulation Detachable - Collar Waterproofs

in case of a shower. This is a beautiful silk garment with rubber lining. It is light and durable as well as being neat and good looking. The cost of the complete outfit is as follows:

One Summer Hat	\$1 75
Ten Yards Fawn Dress Goods	2 70
One Ladies' Silk Rubber-Lined Rain Coat	8 00
	12 45

IF ORDERED DURING AUGUST 11 25

The money saved will go a long way towards paying the cost of making the suit

We have a few of the

Men's Waterproofs at \$6.00.

There is no question as to the quality of this garment at the price. Guaranteed as to proofing and dye, makes a nice-looking fall or spring coat, and will wear like iron.

Prices quoted on
MEN'S SUMMER SUITS OR TUNICS
and Samples sent on request.

ADDRESS

THE TRADE SECRETARY,
S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto, Ont.

SONGS OF THE WEEK.

HOLINESS.

Tunes.—Sad and Weary (N.B.B. 154); Jesus Saves Me (N.B.B. 143).

Sad and weary with my longing,
Filled with shame because of sin,
As I am, in conscious weakness,
Here I must salvation win.

Chorus.

All I have leave for Jesus,
I am counting it but dross;
I am coming to the Master,
I am clinging to the cross.

Oh the joy of knowing Jesus!
It is dawning on my soul;
I am finding His salvation,
And the power that makes me whole.

Tunes.—Forever with the Lord (N.B.B. 68); Reuben (N.B.B. 74).

2 When shall these conflicts cease,
Tamed be this rebel will?
When shall Thy promised perfect peace
My troubled bosom fill?

See, tossed with doubt and fear,
I over life's ocean roar!
When wilt Thou, Lord, Thyself appear,
And make my heart Thy home?

The price, dear Lord, I pay,
Surrender Thee my all!
I'll quickly go, or patient stay,
Wherever Thou shalt call.

They will to do I'll run,
They happy, loving slave!
Now let Thy perfect work be done,
Fit me the lost to save!

I plunge into the flood
Again, and yet again!
And washed in Thy all-cleansing blood,
I'm free from every stain.

Tune.—Oh, the Lamb of God (N.B.B. 210).

3 Saviour, to Thee a full and glad
surrender,
Freely we make of talent, time, and
strength,
Consecrated by love, Thy love, so great
and tender,
We consecrate ourselves wholly
Thine evermore.

Chorus.

Jesus, Saviour-King, all to Thee we
bring,
Our talents, time, and store, wholly
Thine evermore.

Baptize with power Thy weakest saint
before Thee—
The soldiers, too, Lord, fill with con-
quering might;
Oh, help us bring to worship and to
serve Thee,
The lost, who from Thee stray out in
sin's dreary night.

Truly we yearn to see Thy glorious
Kingdom
From pole to pole, and shore to shore,
extending,
Till every heart shall know Thy love's
dominion.
And highest praise from all unto
Thee shall ascend.

Arthur Gibby.

BRIGHT SIDE.

Tune.—Is My Name Written There?

4 Though the darkness surround you,
And the clouds hang around;
Though the devil oppress you,
And your friends are not found;
Though blocked seems your pathway,
And nothing seems clear,
It is best to look forward,
There's a bright side somewhere.

Chorus.

There's a bright side somewhere,
There's a bright side somewhere,
Don't rest till you find it,
There's a bright side somewhere.

While fighting for Jesus,
If the fighting seems tough,
Though you fight single-handed,
Jesus' strength is enough.
He has promised you victory,
And your pathway He'll clear,
For the sun is still shining.
There's a bright side somewhere.

If friends cause you trouble,
And your progress would stay,
Come out from among them,
Let Christ lead the way.
Your Friend is in heaven,
In the mansions so fair;
Look upward to Jesus,
There's a bright side somewhere.

A. C. T.

BUY A WAR CRY.

Tune.—Over Jordan.

5 Would you know salvation's plan?
Would you do the good you can?

Every woman, child, and man,

Buy a War Cry.

It will tell you very plain,

How you can the victory gain,

And the mystery explain—

Buy a War Cry.

Chorus.

Buy a War Cry, buy a War Cry,

Help us spread the Gospel plan,

Blessed news to every man;

Buy a War Cry, buy a War Cry,

Buy it, read it all you can,

Buy a War Cry.

When you've read it through and through,
Give it to your neighbor, do;

He would like to read it, too.

Buy a War Cry.

Help him on the narrow road,

Help him bear his weary load,

Teach him how to live for God,

Buy a War Cry.

Sinner, why not come to-night?

Jesus knows, He'll make you right;

He will make your black heart white.

Buy a War Cry.

Chorus.

Beneath the Army flag,
Yes, the dear old Army flag (Repeat)

They love to fight and do the right

Beneath the dear old Army flag.

How many who were sunk in sin
Now march beneath the Army flag!
They've wondrous peace and joy within,
While marching 'neath the Army flag.

What blessings we enjoy to-day.
In fighting 'neath the Army flag!
We love to march, to sing and pray,
And fight beneath the Army flag.

Second Chorus.

We'll never leave the flag, (Repeat)
We'll never leave the flag,

We'll go right through, to God be true,

And never leave the dear old flag.

Tune.—Saints of God (N.B.B. 130).

7 I've found a great salvation,

Glory to God!

From my sin I've liberation,

Glory to God!

I was sunk in misery,

Bound by Satan's cruel fitters,

But the Saviour set me free,

Glory to God!

Now my heart is full of singing,

Glory to God!

I have kept each day from sinning,

Glory to God!

Oh, this joy I can't express,

For it never knows an ending;

I've a life of happiness!

Glory to God!

Sinner, you can have this blessing,

Glory to God!

Come to Christ for your sins confessing,

Glory to God!

Then your life will happy be,

And in heaven you'll get a mansion,

Glory to God!

SALVATION.

Tune.—Death is Coming (N.B.B. 131).

8 Hark, the voice of mercy ringing—

Seek salvation now;

Jesus died, your pardon bringing,

Seek salvation now.

Chorus.

Time is flying, souls are dying,

Seek salvation now!

Christ-rejectors lost are crying,

Seek salvation now!

Let this burning truth remind you—
Sin will find you out!

Trifles not, strong fitters bind you,

Sin will find you out!

Sin will track you down, and ruin,

Everlasting sure,

Is the doom that Christless sinners

Shall for sin endure

What an awful retribution
Shall be yours at last,

Down to hell, no absoption,

Boundless mercy past,

Elmo Trotter.



BERMUDA BAND TOUR.

North Sydney, Saturday and Sunday, July 30, 31; Sydney Mines, Monday, August 1; Sydney, Tues., Aug. 2; Dominion, Wed., Aug. 3; Louisburg, Thurs., Aug. 4; New Aberdeen, Fri., Aug. 5; Glace Bay, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Reserve, Mon., Aug. 8; Whitney, Tues., Aug. 9; Truro, Wed., Aug. 10; Londonderry, Thurs., Aug. 11; Sackville, Fri., Aug. 12; Amherst, Sat., Aug. 13; Springhill, Mon., Aug. 15; Parrsboro, Tues., Aug. 16; Canning, Wed., Aug. 17; Kentville, Thurs., Aug. 18; Windsor, Fri., Aug. 19.

BERMUDA CHILDREN'S TOUR.

Carlston Saturday, July 30; St. John 1, Sunday, July 31; St. John III, Mon., Aug. 1; St. John V, Aug. 2; St. John's, Tues., Aug. 3; Bridgetown, Thurs., Aug. 4; Annapolis, Fri., Aug. 5; Yarmouth, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 6, 7; Clark's Harbour, Mon., Aug. 8; Digby, Tues., Aug. 9; mouth, Tues., Aug. 9; Digby, Wed., Aug. 10; mouth, Tues., Aug. 10; Dartmouth, Thurs., Aug. 11; Kentville, Sat. and Sun., Aug. 12; London, Wed., Aug. 13; Dartmouth, Wed., Aug. 14; Dartmouth, Thurs., Aug. 15; Halifax II, Fri., Aug. 16; Halifax, Sun., Aug. 17; Halifax, Sun., Aug. 18.

WAR AND TESTIMONY.

Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).

6 What multitudes now serve the Lamb,
And fight beneath the Army flag!

In every land to-day they stand,

And fight beneath the Army flag.

E. F. Spokane I.

Tune.—Never Run Away (N.B.B. 52).

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